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Voice, Gesture, Expression.



SARAH NEAL HARRIS.





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ELOCUTION

Voice, Expression, Gesture

FOR USE IN

Colleges and Schools
and by
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SARAH NEAL HARRIS.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
ELOCUTION	1
ORATORY	1
POSITION	2
GESTURE	3
EXPRESSION	7
BOW	8
BREATHING	9
CHEST	10
ELOCUTION	10
PITCH	10
QUANTITY	14
QUALITY	19
Pure	19
Orotund	32
Aspirate	45
Guttural	48
Pectoral	50
Trembling	52
Prolongation	54
Falsetto	55
Staccato	57
Imitative	59
Sonorous	61
Sostenuto	62
MOVEMENT	64
Quick	64
Moderate	66
Slow	67
INFLECTION	69
Rising	69
Falling	70
Monotone	72
EMPHASIS	74
CLIMAX	76
ANTI-CLIMAX	77
PERSONATION	79
HIGHEST PHYSICAL CULTURE.—ORATORY	82
Vital	82
Mental	83
Moral	84
INSPIRATION AND EXPLOSION	86
THE FERVENT VOICE	86

SELECTIONS	89
THE POWER OF HABIT	89
LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP	90
THE DEATH OF ARBACES	94
THE DUTY OF DELIGHT	96
THE RAJAH'S CLOCK	97
THE MISSING SHIP	100
THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS	101
WHAT IS A MINORITY	103
PYRAMIDS NOT ALL EGYPTIAN	104
GOETHE'S HAMLET	106
RIZPAH	110
CARTWHEELS	112
THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS	115
JACK THE FISHERMAN	117
A LOST CHORD	120
MRS. O'SHEA SEES HAMLET	121
CLEOPATRA	124
HOW GRANDMA DANCED	128
THE KING'S FAVORITE	129
THE CHARIOT RACE	130
BUGLE SONG	133
THE FAMINE	134
MASTERS OF THE SITUATION	136
THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS	138
ROBERT OF LINCOLN	139
A RAJPUT NURSE	142
NAPOLEON'S OVERTHROW	145
SPICE-BOX SKETCHES	147
OLD FRIENDS	150
THE HERO OF THE TOWER	152
OH! HAD I KNOWN	155
LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER	155
SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY	158
STREET CRIES	159
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE	160
BACK FROM THE WAR	162
CONEMAUGH	164
THE MAID OF ORLEANS	165
THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST	167
GRANT'S STRATEGY	169
BRIDGE OF THE TAY	170
THE IDEAL IN EXPRESSION	173
SENT TO HEAVEN	174
THE DESTINY OF THE NATION	176
BOBOLINK	177
AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON	179
HELLO	180
THE END OF THE REBELLION	181
WHAT THE CHOIR SANG	182
THE OLD MAN'S YESTERDAY	183
THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG	184
FOURTH OF JULY IN JONESVILLE	186

ELOCUTION.

ORATORY.

Eloquence holds the first rank among the arts. Rome borrowed her eloquence from Greece, as she did her other arts and learning, till "victorious Rome was herself subdued by Greece." Aristotle's definition of oratory was, "The power of saying on every subject whatever can be found to persuade;" Phocian's, "The power to express the most sense in the fewest words;" Quintilian calls it "The power of persuading." The ancients uncovered as Cicero approached, and cried, "Behold the Orator!"

While we award praise and glory to great musicians and painters, to great masters of sculpture and architecture, the prize of honor is decreed to great orators.

Art is the expression of the beautiful in ideas. It is also the beautiful in action. Poets are born; orators are made.

Perfect beauty is nowhere to be found. It must be created by synthetic work. You have a fine voice; it has its defects. Your articulation is vicious and your gestures unnatural. Do not rely upon the fire of momentary inspiration. Nothing is more deceptive. Garrick said, "Do not depend upon that inspiration which idle mediocrity awaits."

The orator should not even think of what he is doing. The thing should have been so much studied that all would seem to flow of itself.

The art of oratory is expressing mental thought by means of physical organs, and may be divided into three parts,—vital, mental, and moral.

Since each state can take the form of the two others, the result is nine distinct positions with their accompanying tones.

A tone must always be reproduced with an expression of the face.

The highest object of elocution and physical culture is a more perfect unity of tone, body, soul.

POSITION.

Bring the weight of the body upon the front of the advanced foot. Raise the chest. Hollow the back at the waist line.

This position indicates a desire to please and interest your audience.

It also demands attention.

This is the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere, esteemed one of the noblest representations of the human frame.

An equal balance of the body upon its two feet is the sign of weakness, of respect. It characterizes, also, infancy and decay. It is the attitude of the soldier at "attention." It is used also in saluting a superior officer.

One foot advanced, with an equal weight upon both, denotes reflection and the absence of passion. It indicates calmness and strength, which are the signs of intelligence.

Bring the weight on the back foot. It is a sign of weakness which follows vehemence. Natural weakness is in the second position, sudden weakness in the fourth.

An inclination of the body to one side or the other is used in personation. It is a third to one side. Is generally passive when not used in personation. It indicates calmness and strength.

The sixth is one third crossed. It is an attitude of respect and ceremony. It is effective in the presence of princes. It also precedes a fall.

The seventh attitude is like the second position, with the feet farther apart. It denotes intoxication, overwhelming astonishment, familiarity, and repose.

One foot advanced, with the body facing one of the two legs. It serves for menace and jealousy. It is offensive and defensive. It leaves the audience in doubt, which can only be solved by the first or fourth.

An equal weight upon both feet, the body bending back, is the sign of distrust and scorn.

GESTURE.

Gesture reveals what speech is powerless to express. It is not what we say that persuades, but the manner of saying it.

But one gesture is needed for the expression of an entire thought.

Application of Gestures.

Inexpressive motions should always be avoided.

No gesture should be made without a reason for it, and when any position has been assumed there should be no change from it without a reason.

The habit of allowing the hands to fall to the side immediately after every gesture is ungraceful, and the effect is bad; they must not be constantly in motion. Repose is a chief element of gesticulating effect. Some orators accompany every vocal accent by a bodily motion;—the consequence is, that gesticulate ever so well, and however energetic the gestures may be, they produce no effect. The eye is fatigued with gestures that illustrate nothing. The most difficult part of gesture is to stand still gracefully.

The frequency of gesture will depend on the variety of ideas and words that occur in the language.

A uniform strain will require but little gesture.

A variable, flighty, passionate strain will demand many gestures.

Gestures are either Directive, Illustrative, or Emotive.

Directive gestures carry the eye of the spectator to the object spoken of, which is either visible, or supposed to be visible, or figuratively presented to the mind's eye.

The gestures must be arranged with pictorial accuracy, thus: the hand and eye must be raised in pointing to sky or mountain, and to near objects above the speaker, and depressed below the horizontal elevation for near objects below the line of the speaker's eye; must be horizontal in addressing persons around us, and in pointing to objects at a distance.

Having located any fixed object by a directive gesture, we come to the same point in again speaking of it, or any object associated with it, without a change of scene.

Illustrative gestures should be suited to the idea or action they illustrate, thus: drawing a sword, etc.

Emotive gestures are such as fear, indignation, etc., spontaneous with the feeling.

The eyes should generally accompany the motions of the hands; but in directing attention to any object, the eye will first merely glance towards it, and then fix itself upon the person addressed, while the finger continues to point. The head must not lean from side to side on the gesture points, nor must it rise or fall with the inflections of the voice; it should be kept moderately, but not rigidly, erect. The motions of the arm must commence at the shoulder, not at the elbow. The upper part of the arms must not rest in contact with the sides. The motions of the arms must not be accompanied by any action of the shoulders. The shoulders must be kept square to the auditors' vision.

A harmonizing accompaniment of arm to arm is essential. When only one arm is used in the gesture, the other is brought into action less prominently, and at a lower elevation. When the gesticulating arm comes in front of and across the body, the retired arm falls a little behind.

When the gesticulating arm is backward, the subordinate arm advances.

When the gesture is under the horizontal elevation, the other arm may fall laxly.

Every action of the arm should be terminated by an accentual motion of the hand from the wrist.

In calm and unimpassioned speaking, the accentual beat of the gesture will coincide with the vocal accent.

In strong emotion, the gesture will precede the words.

The motions of the hand must be made entirely from the wrist.

The line described by the hand in any motion must be a curve, except in violent passion when the rigidity of the joints renders the line of action straight and angular.

The weight of the body should be sustained generally by one foot, and the body should be shifted at every change of style and expression. Every motion must be preceded by a preparatory movement in the opposite direction, more or less sweeping, according to the nature of the emotion.

The motions of the feet must always be in diagonal lines. In kneeling, bring that knee to the floor first which is next to the spectator.

In rising, bring up the knee farthest away.

Gestures.

Index—arch of the wrist, the rigidity of the thumb, forefinger, and the hollow of the back of the hand.

Intertwined in Entreaty.

Clenched in Anger.

Supine in Rancor, etc.

Prone in Concealment.

Tips of fingers turned inward in Invitation.

Outward in Rejection and Dismissal.

Crossed on the chest in Meekness.

Indexical in Command and Reproach.

Noting in Warning.

Advanced on palm on an upward incline from the wrist
above medium height—Remonstrance.

At medium height—Pity.

Below medium height—Mourning.

Descend prone slowly in Blessing.

Descend prone with vehemence in Malediction.

Hand laid on the breast appeals to Conscience, or indicates
Desire.

Beating the breast expresses Remorse.

Laid on the lower part of chest indicates Pride.

Applied to the forehead indicates Doubt.

Moved across the forehead—Confusion or Mental Distress.

Supporting the side of the head—Stupor.

Supporting the cheek—Languor.

Supporting the chin—Meditation.

Laid on the lips enjoins Silence.

Back of one hand laid in palm of the other—Entire
Determination.

Right hand vertical in Vindication.

Applied in Appeal.

Wave in Admiration.

Clasped in Joy.

Folded in Resignation.

Shake in Terror.

Start in Astonishment.

Wave supine downward in Salutation.

Hand on crown of the head—Delirium.

Hand pressed on the upper part of chest—Palpitation of the heart—Difficulty in breathing.

Objects above the horizontal elevation in directive gestures are always supine ; objects below, prone.

GESTURES.

Salutation.	Signal.
Dismissal.	Supplication.
Invitation.	Listening. <i>Reverse.</i>
Entreaty.	Fruition.
Faith. <i>Reverse.</i>	Imagination.
Anger. <i>Reverse.</i>	Determination.
Meekness.	Expectation. <i>Reverse.</i>
Reproach. <i>Reverse.</i>	Delight.
Sorrow.	Repugnance.
Hope. <i>Reverse.</i>	Agony.
Warning. <i>Reverse.</i>	Liberty. <i>Reverse.</i>
Fear. <i>Reverse.</i>	Delirium.
Blessing.	Astonishment.
Meditation.	Silence.
Pity.	Vindication.
Conscience.	Climax.
Malediction.	Defiance. <i>Reverse.</i>
Prayer.	Affection. <i>Reverse.</i>
Curiosity.	Vow.
Time and Place.	Command.
Feather Movement.	Remonstrance.
Doubt.	Expressive Joy.
Waiting.	Good-Night.

EXPRESSION.

None of our powers are more susceptible of cultivation than those of expression.

I have seen an eye curse, and an eyebrow call a man a scoundrel.

—*Addison.*

In the higher emotions, love, hope, patriotism, and sublimity, the lines of the face curve upward, the expression is uplifted.

In calm and placid emotions, the lines are horizontal.

The lower emotions, such as hate, fear, revenge, the lines are downward.

Every expression of the face, every position of the body, every gesture, is but the outward expression of the mind and heart, be it one of beauty or ugliness.

Attitude is but arrested expression; all the higher emotions find expression in spiral movements.

Gesture is expression. The mind can be interested by speech; it must be persuaded by gesture.

If the face bears no signs, we do not persuade.

Facial expression is the language of the soul.

There is something marvellous in this language, because it has relations with another sphere—the world of grace.

The basis of this art is to make the audience divine what we would have them feel.

The eye is the window of the soul;—let it express the emotions contained in the given selection.

It takes many words to say what a single word reveals.

Cicero says, “Nature hath bestowed upon man a bodily figure completely adapted to his mind. The face of every other animal he hath turned downward to the ground, from whence its nourishment is drawn; to man alone is given a form erect, a face turned upward to his kindred heaven, to those divine abodes which are his native seat. She has, besides, so exquisitely modelled the human features that they are capable of expressing the most secret emotions of the soul. The penetrating glances of the eye indicate the corresponding internal affections, and the moral character is shown in the face.

BOW.

In making a bow, bring the advanced foot behind the other, the knee of which bend with the weight of the body.

BREATHING.

There are three kinds of breathing,—Abdominal, Costal, and Dorsal.

Abdominal Breathing.

Place both hands upon the abdomen and breathe deeply, forcing the muscles outward.

Let them sink as much as possible during exhalation.

Aspirate the letter *S*, breathing out as long as possible, letting the abdominal muscles contract.

Slowly breathe back until the abdominal muscles extend outward to the utmost. Imagine yourself blowing a feather in the air. Expel the breath, blowing quickly. Contract the abdominal muscles. Draw the breath back, filling the abdomen, extending the muscles.

Give the vowels—*A, E, I, O, U*. Place the hand upon the abdomen. Take a full breath, throwing the muscles outward, and say *A* in a full tone, until the muscles contract to the utmost.

This should be practised only a few minutes at a time.

Costal Breathing.

Distend the sides while inhaling, and relax gradually with slow and regular exhalation.

Dorsal Breathing.

Inhale as if endeavoring to thrust out the muscles of the back by the force of the air.

CHEST.

There are two kinds of Chests,—Active and Passive.

Active Chest.

The Active Position of the chest represents intensity of thought and feeling.

Passive Chest.

The Passive Position of the chest is that in which there is absence of passion.

ELOCUTION.

Elocution is the correct expression of thought by Speech and Gesture.

The elements in the expression of every emotion are Rhyth, Quantity, Quality, Movement, and Inflection.

PITCH.

The voice should always follow the conceptive location of the object,—Moral and Physical.

Examples.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.—*Macbeth*.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 Hope humbly, then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.—*Pope*.

“ Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ? ”

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
 The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home.”

“ Oh, joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive ! ”

The thought of our past years doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized ;

High instincts before which our moral nature
Did tumble like a guilty thing surprised !

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,—
Truths that awake to perish never.

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.—*Wordsworth.*

A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life, of enjoying and making use of them as they should.—*Frederick von Schiller.*

“No day is commonplace, if we had only eyes to see its splendor.”

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by pain's resistless power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.
The first are turbidest and meanest;
The last are sweetest and sereneſt.—*Aldrich.*

There is a thought higher than mortal thought;
There is a love warmer than mortal love;
There is a life, which taketh not its hues
From earth or earthly things, and so grows pure,
And higher than the petty cares of men,
And is a blessed life, and sanctified.—*Morris.*

To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of the things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand, in this great system where we live,—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of the sunshine or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out, "This, this alone is to live!"—*Phillips Brooks*.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
 Every morn is the world made new;
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you—
 A hope for me, and a hope for you.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day, and begin again!
 —*Susan Coolidge*.

"Rouse thee up! Oh, waste not life in fond delusions! Be a soldier! Be a hero! Be a man!"

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,—
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself.—*Shakespeare*.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

'T is wisdom's law, the perfect code,
 By love inspired;
 Of him on whom much is bestowed,
 Is much required;
 The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
 • The oak must reign the forest's king.
 The rushing stream the wheel must move,
 The tempered steel its strength must prove,
 'T is given with the eagle's eyes
 To face the midday skies.

If I am weak and you are strong,
 Why then, why then
 To you the braver deeds belong!
 And so, again,
 If you have gifts and I have none,
 If I have shade and you have sun,
 'T is yours with freer hand to give,
 'T is yours with truer grace to live,
 Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand
 With barren life and hand.—*Carlotta Perry.*

QUANTITY.

Words should be spoken quickly, with pauses between of greater or less length according to the levity or gravity of the emotion.

Quantity may be long or short.

Words of dignity and strength require Long Quantity.

Words of impatience, stubbornness, and sudden action require Short Quantity.

EXAMPLES OF LONG QUANTITY.

It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well!
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?

'T is the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.—*Addison*.

To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die ;—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream : aye, there 's the rub !
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 Must give us pause !—*Shakespeare*.

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ;
 As he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ;
 As he was valiant, I honor him ;
 But, as he was ambitious, I slew him.

—*Shakespeare*.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day !
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friends ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.—*Tennyson*.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
 floor ;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!—*Poe*.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth,
 who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. When I consider Thy
 heavens, the work of Thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which
 Thou hast ordained ; what is man that Thou art mindful of him ?

and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands: Thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.—*Bible*.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone.

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.—*Poe*.

To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let God drop down charmed gifts—winged imaginations, all-perceiving reason, and all-judging reason. Whatever there is that can make men wiser and better—let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake.

—*H. W. Beecher*.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!

O dark Beth-peor's hill!

Speak to these curious hearts of ours,

And teach them to be still.

God hath His mysteries of grace,—

Ways that we cannot tell;

He hides them deep, like the secret sleep

Of him He loved so well.—*C. F. Alexander*.

O Death! where is thy sting?

O Grave! where is thy victory?—*Bible*.

Short Quantity.

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—

Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree?

—*William J. Hoppin*.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
 Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
 Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
 So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
 Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and grey nose,
 Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows ;—
 Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
 There was work to be done, there was death in the air.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

“‘Hold, there!’ the other quick replies :
 “‘T is green: I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray.
 Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food.’
 ‘I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue.
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade.’
 “‘T is green, ’t is green, sir, I assure ye!’
 ‘Green!’ cries the other in a fury :
 ‘Why, sir! d’ ye think I’ve lost my eyes?’
 “‘T were no great loss.’ the friend replies ;
 ‘For, if they always serve you thus,
 You’ll find them of but little use.’”

“Stay there, or I’ll proclaim you to the house and the whole street! If you try to evade me, I’ll stop you, if it’s by the hair, and raise the very stones against you.”

“Hark to the bugle’s roundelay!
 Boot and saddle! Up and away!
 Mount and ride as ye ne’er rode before;
 Spur till your horses’ flanks run gore:
 Ride for the sake of human lives;
 Ride as ye would for your sisters and wives
 Cowering under their scalping knives.
 Boot and saddle! Away, away!”

If ever you saw an old horse spring upward into a new,
 If ever you saw a driver whose traps behind him flew,
 'Twas that old horse a racing and a running along the track,
 And that respectable milkman a-trying to hold him back!
 Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3,
 Gained the lead and kept it, and steered the journey free,
 Dodging the wheels and horses, and still on the keenest silk,
 And a furnishing all that deestrick with good respectable milk!

—*Carleton.*

Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.—*Scott.*

“The war that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering, swell'd the gale,
 And, Stanley! was the cry;
 A light on Marmion's vision spread,
 And fired his glazing eye.
 With dying hand above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted Victory!”

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
 That was all!—*Longfellow.*

A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes abruptly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels, like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates.

—*Victor Hugo.*

QUALITY.

Different qualities of voice are associated with different emotions. There are twelve qualities of voice,—the Pure, Orotund, Aspirate, Guttural, Pectoral, Trembling, Prolongation, Falsetto, Staccato, Imitative, Sonorous, and Sostenuto.

Pure Quality.

The Pure Quality is used in common conversation, simple narration, and description. The face should be animated and pleasant. Gestures supine.

Examples of Common Conversation.

Touch. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God! a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so is good, *very* good,—*very excellent* good: and yet it is not; it is but so so.—*Shakespeare.*

Once came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.—*Shakespeare.*

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

—*Shakespeare.*

“There 's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books, and love of fun,—

“And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.”

“Now,” said Wardle, “what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.”

“Capital!” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

“Prime!” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“You skate, of course, Winkle?” said Wardle.

“Ye—yes; oh, yes!” replied Mr. Winkle. “I——am rather out of practice.”

“Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle,” said Arabella. “I like to see it so much!”

“Oh, it is so graceful!” said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was “swan-like.”

“I should be very happy, I'm sure,” said Mr. Winkle, reddening; “but I have no skates.”

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and

the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam."

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; a'n't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come: the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thankee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away for that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're werry good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam: not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank, "Sam!"

"Sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir. Don't you hear the gove'nor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet; but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you would let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin Allen with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Mr. Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words,—

"You're a humbug, sir.—*Pickwick Papers.*

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living soul." How wonderful is breath! It comes to us in the soft summer morning laden with the perfume of flowers; but ere it reaches us it has kissed a thousand scented leaves. The birds soar aloft in its mysterious ether, pouring their triumphal songs on its resonant bosom; and the butterfly and the buzzing insect, "like winged flowers and flying gems," sparkle and shimmer in their dazzling beauty.

But, whether it brings upon its waves the mutterings of the coming storm, or the merry, ringing laugh of childhood,—the awful booming of the heavy cannonade, or the silvery tone of the violin,—it is air, such as we breathe. Oh! then let it become a thing of joy to us. Let us learn to make it a thing of beauty, wreathing embodied thoughts in vocal gems of purity and sweetness, that shall gladden the ears of all who listen.—*Bronson.*

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;

And to the presence in the room he said,
 'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
 'And is mine one?' asked Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

"It is related of Michael Angelo, that, while walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock. 'Oh, there's an angel in the stone,' was the answer, 'and I must get it out!'

"He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, *he let the angel out*. What to others was but a rude, unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art; and he discovered at a glance what might be made of it. A mason would have put it into a stone wall; a carman would have used it for filling in, or to grade the streets; but *he* transformed it into a creation of genius, and gave it a value for ages to come."

"There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming:

We may not live to see the day,

But earth shall glisten in the ray

Of the good time coming.

Cannon balls may aid the truth,

But thought's a weapon stronger;

We'll win our battle by its aid;—

Wait a little longer."

Examples of Description.

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

. . . : look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold !
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls !”

Oh, green was the corn as I rode on my way,
 And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
 And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
 And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud.
 Their chorons of rapture sang jovial and loud ;
 From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
 There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill !
 And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
 I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
 To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

Oh, such be Life's journey, and such be our still,
 To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill ;
 Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
 And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven.

—*Bishop Heber.*

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon on the river,
 Fell here and there, through the branches, a tremulous gleam of the
 moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

—*Longfellow.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth of gold and tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see.
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.—*Shakespeare.*

And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from
 whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was
 found no place for them.—*Bible.*

“And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life marmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o’errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives.”

“A merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour’s talk withal:
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished.
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold.—
 That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.—*Shakespeare.*

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern;
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges;
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I mirmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone:
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,
And mine,—they are yet to be ;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover :
You leave the story to me.—*Jean Ingelow.*

Example of Narration.

THE VISION OF MIRZAH.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.

As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and, passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream.

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it.

The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tones that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impression of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature. And, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains

I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled the fears with which I approached him.

He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand,—

“Mirzah,” said he, “I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me.”

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it,—

“Cast thy eyes eastward,” said he, “and tell me what thou seest.”

“I see,” said I, “a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.”

“The valley that thou seest is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water is part of the great tide of eternity.”

“What is the reason,” said I, “that the tide rises out of a thick mist at one end, and loses itself in a thick mist on the other?”

“What thou seest,” said he, “is that portion of eternity called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.”

“I see a bridge,” said I, “standing in the midst of the tide.”

“The bridge thou seest,” said he, “is human life. Consider it attentively.”

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

“But tell me further,” said he, “what thou discoverest on it.”

“I see multitudes of people passing over it, and a black cloud on each end.”

As I looked more attentively I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath; and, upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set

very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. There were indeed some, but their number was small, that struggled along on the broken arches; but they, too, fell through, one after another, being tired and spent with so long a walk.

My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture. Multitudes were busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but when they thought themselves within reach of them their footing failed, and down they sank.

"Take thine eyes off the bridge," said the Genius, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend."

Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and many other feathered creatures, and several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

"Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality,—tortured in life and swallowed up in death!"

"Look no more," said the Genius, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it. The other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glowing habits, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the

discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

“The islands,” said he, “that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those, reaching farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kind of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these islands which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity before him.”

—*Anon.*

OROTUND.

The Orotund tone is round and full, and may be said to be the maximum of the Pure Quality.

It has clearness, strength, smoothness, and musical quality, which form the highest perfection of the human voice. It was called “*ore rotunda*” by the poet Horace, when referring to the flowing eloquence of the Greeks. It is used to express Awe, Reverence, Sublimity, Grandeur, and Courage,—also Pathos and Strong Emotion.

Standard Quality Calling Tone.

“Now for the fight! Now for the cannon peal!

Forward,—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!

Glorious the shout, the shock, the clash of steel,

The volley’s roll, the rocket’s blasting spire!

They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!

On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;
 Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire—
 Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
 This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal!"

"Hark to the bugle's roundelay!
 Boot and saddle! Up and away!
 Mount and ride as ye ne'er rode before;
 Spur up till your horses' flanks run gore!
 Ride for the sake of human lives;
 Ride as ye would were your sisters and wives
 Cowering under their scalping-knives.
 Boot and saddle! Away, away!"

"The war that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And Stanley! was the cry;
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!"—
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
 Were the last words of Marmion."

"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands
 'Fix bay'nets—charge!' Like mountain-storm rush on these fiery
 bands.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! hark to that fierce huzza!
 'Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!'
 Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered,
 fled:

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand: the field is fought and won."

"Now, men! now is your time!
 Make ready! take aim! fire!"

"An hour passed on ;—the Turk awoke ;—

That bright dream was his last ;—

He woke to hear his sentry shriek

'To arms ! They come ! The Greek ! The Greek !'

He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;

And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band ;—

'Strike—till the last armed foe expires !

Strike—for your altars and your fires !

Strike—for the green graves of your sires !

God—and your native land !'"

"The combat dèepens. On ye brave,

Who rush to glory or the grave !

Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,

And charge with all thy chivalry !"

"Thou slave ! thou wretch ! thou coward !

Thou little valiant, great in villany !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou Fortune's champion, thou dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety ! thou art perjured, too,

And sooth'st up grèatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear

Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoken like thunder on my side ?

Been sworn my soldier ! bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

"Forward, the Light Brigade !

Charge for the guns !" he said :

Into the valley of Death

Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air.
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
 Stormed at with shot and shell.
 Boldly they rode, and well.

They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred.—*Tennyson.*

Examples of Awe.

“Silence, how dead! darkness, how profound!
 No eye, nor listening ear an object finds:
 Creation sleeps. ’Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,—
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.”

I had a dream which was not all a dream:
 The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came, and went,—and came, and brought no day.

—*Byron.*

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo! there was a great earthquake. And the sun became black, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth. And the heavens departed as a scroll. And every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne.

—*Bible.*

He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under His feet. He made darkness His secret place. His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

—*Bible.*

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin,—then came the messenger!—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

“Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time!

——My dream was lengthened after life:—

Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream!”

“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed
the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou
art God.”

“Thou breathest;—and the obedient storm is still:
 Thou speakest;—silent the submissive wave:
 Man’s shattered ship the rushing waters fill;
 And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
 Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee,
 Life is a shadowy, momentary dream;
 And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
 Less than the mote of morning’s golden beam.”

“It thunders! Sons of dust, in rev’rence bow!
 Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above.
 Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
 I hear thy awful voice.

Examples of Reverence.

“Father! Thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,—
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker!”

“Oh, listen, man!
 A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 ‘Man, thou shalt never die!’ Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality.”

And you, ye storms, howl out his greatness! Let your thunders
 roll like drums in the march of the God of armies! Let your

lightnings write his name in fire on the midnight darkness ; let the illimitable void of space become one mouth for song ; and let the unnavigated ether, through its shoreless depths, bear through the infinite remote the name of him whose goodness endureth forever !

—*Spurgeon.*

MILTON'S INVOCATION OF LIGHT.

“Hail ! holy light,—offspring of heaven, first-born,
Or of the eternal coëternal beam
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light,
Dwelt from eternity,—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ?—Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and, at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.”

“Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side ?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar ?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains ? A light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.”

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me.—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.—*Bryant.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.—*Bible*.

“As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”—*Goldsmith*.

Examples of Sublimity.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave, o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!—*Shakespeare*.

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?

For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.—*Bible*.

And, like the baseless fabric of a dream,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—*Shakespeare*.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.—*Bible*.

Thou, from primeval nothingness, didst call
 First chaos, then existence :—Lord ! on thee
 Eternity had its foundation ;—all
 Sprung forth from Thee,—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin :—all life, all beauty thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! great !
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !—*Milton.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course ? so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly,
 . . . thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
 O blacker than the darkness, all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,—
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
 Companion of the morning star, at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald ! wake, oh ! wake, and utter praise !—*Coleridge.*

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent hall of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—*Bryant.*

“Sink, O Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool, gray shadows
 fall ;
 Dying brothers, fighting demons—drop thy curtain over all !
 Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle
 rolled,
 In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
 Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden
 flowers;
 From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!"

Examples of Grandeur.

I had a dream which was not all a dream:
 The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came, and went,—and came, and brought no day.

The world was void:

The populous and the powerful was a lump,—
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,—
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still;
 A nothing stirred within their silent depths.
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea.
 And their masts fell down piece-meal; as they dropped
 They slept upon the abyss without a surge;—
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air;
 And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
 Of aid from them,—she was the universe.—*Byron.*

Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! great!
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

—*Bowring.*

Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor such as heard in Heaven till now
 Was never; arms on armor clashing brayed
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over-head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flow,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rushed
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven
 Resounded ; and, had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook.—*Milton.*

Eternity !—thou pleasing,—dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.—*Addison.*

'T is midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling : 't is the knell
 Of the departed year.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace ! Your bells, and bands,
 and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep
 here ! Pass on !—*Beecher.*

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
 I doubt some foul play : would the night were come !
 Till then, sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
—*Shakespeare.*

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep
 falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all
 my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair
 of my flesh stood up : it stood still, but I could not discern the form
 thereof : an image was before mine eyes : there was silence, and I
 heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God ?
 Shall a man be more pure than his maker ?—*Bible.*

Examples of Courage.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.—*Shakespeare.*

Come one, come all !—this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I.—*Scott.*

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our standards ! set upon our foes !
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !

Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms !
 Slave ! I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die.
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
 Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
 —*Shakespeare.*

Strike till the last armed foe expires !
 Strike for your altars and your fires !
 Strike for the green graves of your sires !
 God and your native land !—*Halleck.*

O that the slave had forty thousand lives !
 My great revenge had stomach for them all !
 —*Shakespeare.*

Up ! comrades, up !—in Rokeby's halls
 Ne'er be it said our courage falls !—*Scott.*

“Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !
 Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored ; and, if ye dare to call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash.”

“Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king ! And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus ! Once again I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free !”

“Yet, this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans.”

Macbeth. If we should fail ?

Lady Macbeth.

We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking point,
 And we'll not fail.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West !
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none ;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

—*Scott.*

“The Bruce—the Bruce !” To well known cry
 His native rocks and woods reply.
 “The Bruce—the Bruce !” In that dread word
 The knell of hundred deaths was heard :
 Two hundred yeoman on that morn
 The castle left, and none return.
 Again that cry, “The Bruce—the Bruce !”
 No hope or in defence or truce.
 And fearful was the din !
 Nor sunk the fearful cry

Till not a foeman was there found
 Alive, save those who on the ground
 Groaned in their agony.
 Then long and loud the victor shout
 From turret and from tower rang out.
 "The Bruce hath won his father's hall :
 Rejoice, brave friends and comrades all."

—*Scott.*

ASPIRATE.

The Aspirate is a blending of the Colloquial and whisper.
 It gives the whispered utterance of secrecy and fear.
 It may be called articulated breath.
 Pronounced with a breathing, or full emission of breath.

Examples.

And the bridemaids whispered, "'T were better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

—*Scott.*

"Deep silence fell on all around :
 Through that dense crowd
 Was heard no sound of step or word."

Or whispering "The foe ! They come ! they come !"

—*Byron.*

To bed, to bed ; there 's knocking at the gate.
 Come, come, come, come, give me your hand !

—*Macbeth.*

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew !" was passed from man.

—*Macaulay.*

"Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 'Sister spirit, come away.'"

“Breathe it not aloud: the wild winds must not hear it.”

“Hush! hark! Did stealing steps go by?
Come not faint whispers near?”

“Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As soft it murmured by
Amid the shadowy forest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.”

“The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, ‘No.’”

“The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, ‘No.’”

“Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it: be silent, and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!”

“Pray you tread softly,—that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot-fall: we are now near his cell.
Speak softly!
All’s hushed as midnight yet.
See ’st thou here?
This is the mouth o’ the cell: no noise! and enter.”

ASPIRATED TONES.

Aspirated Tones are strongest emotions intensified.

Examples.

“Oh! horror! horror! horror!—Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!”

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

—*Macbeth.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

—*Hamlet.*

“Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it: be silent, and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!”

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world:—now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.

—*Hamlet.*

“Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.”

“Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon!”

DAGGER SCENE FROM MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still:
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleeper: witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go; and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

GUTTURAL.

The Guttural tone is produced by an explosive resonance in the throat. It denotes all those states of mind classed under dislike and ill-humor. Prominent characteristic is a harsh, discordant quality. It is an impure tone. Low pitch and slow time.

Examples.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a Christian;

But more for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him.

—*Shakespeare.*

Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety!

—*Shakespeare.*

Traitor! I go, but I return! This—trial!
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day 's the birth of sorrows; this hour's work
 Will breed proscription. Look to your hearths, my lords,
 For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus;—all shames and crimes;
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

“You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens,—whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
 That do corrupt my air,—I banish you!”

I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak.
 I'll have my bond ; and, therefore, speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not.
 I'll have no more speaking. I will have my bond.
—*Shakespeare.*

“Ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this?”

“Know ye not, then,” said Satan, filled with scorn,
 “Know ye not me ?—Ye knew me once no mate
 For you ; there sitting where ye durst not soar :
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,—
 The lowest of your throng.”

“Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight ; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.”

PECTORAL.

The Pectoral Quality gives expression to deep-seated anger, despair, great solemnity. It requires deep abdominal breathing ; is low in pitch ; is usually accompanied by slow time ; and is used in the supernatural.

Examples.

I am thy father's spirit,—
 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night ;
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

—*Shakespeare.*

Oh! I have passed a miserable night!
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time!

—*Shakespeare.*

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep!"
 Still it cried, "Sleep no more! Glamis hath murdered sleep,
 And therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more;
 Macbeth shall sleep no more."

—*Shakespeare.*

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
 The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
 On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
 The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast.
 The gambler came at last,—but all was o'er:
 Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four!

—*Coates.*

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with! Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence!

—*Shakespeare.*

Still it cried, "*Sleep no more,*" to all the house:
 "*Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!*"

What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our dispositions
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 —*Shakespeare.*

“In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face : the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still ; but I could not discern the form thereof ; an image was before mine eyes ; there was silence ; and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God ? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker ? ”

TREMBLING.

The Trembling tone is used in old age. It expresses anxiety and intense desire.

Examples.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief, as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger,
 And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks !—*Shakespeare.*

Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry !
 Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
 Her withered arms in the summer sky,—
 “O Willie ! Willie ! my lad ! my lost !
 The Lord be praised ! after sixty years
 I see you again ! The tears you cost,
 O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears ! ”

—*Hamilton Aide.*

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
 Whose days are dwindled to the 'shortest span;—
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
—*Thomas Moss.*

“‘T was sae sad,” moaned the crushed, aged mother, each word
 dripping o’er with tear,
 “Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he should perish
 sae near!
 O Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for mony a day,
 But when ye ha’ come back sae near us, why could na’ ye come a’
 the way?”—*Will Carleton.*

“How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so? or is it weeping? Hush,
 My little children! God so loved the world,
 He gave his Son: so love ye one another.
 Love God, and man. Amen!”

“I’ll go no more:
 I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on’t again I dare not.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me”—
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
 “Let me hide myself in Thee.”
 Trembling though the voice and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully
 Like a river in its flow.
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,—
 ‘God, who art never out of hearing,
 Oh, may he never more be warm!’”

PROLONGATION.

Prolongation is used to give the effect of distance, time, and number.

Examples.

O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.

—*Tennyson.*

“Backward, roll backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night.”

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.

—*Shakespeare.*

The clock strikes twelve;—the grave opens, and closes, and the old year is buried.—*Brooks.*

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—*Addison.*

We spend our years like a tale that is told. The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if, by reason of strength, they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.

—*Bible.*

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

—*B. F. Taylor.*

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
 The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun,—
 Forever and forever,—all in a blessed home,—
 And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come,—
 To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast,—
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
—Tennyson.

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall;
 He giveth His beloved sleep.”—*Mrs. Browning.*

FALSETTO.

The Falsetto Quality is that tone of voice used in weakness, in childhood, and in old age; also in merriment, in terror, and in remorse.

Examples.

Out, damned spot! out, I say!—*Macbeth.*

I beg your pardon: I thought my father was,—or might be,—
 Dear me, how very awkward! I never knew any thing happen so
 cross. I am very sorry I intruded. If I had n’t thought my father
 was here, I would n’t, upon any account, have ——It is very pro-
 voking—must look very strange!—*Dickens.*

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? I ’m tired of waiting so;
 My stocking hung by the chimney-side full three long days ago.
 I run to peep within the door by morning’s early light,—
 ’Tis empty still. Oh, say, mamma, will New Year come to-night?
—Cora M. Eager.

And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
 A mother screams, “O God! my child! my child!”
—George M. Baker.

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in.

—*Douglas Jerrold.*

“Down in the bright deen meadows,
The pitty daisies' home,
Daisies dat are my name-sate,
Mamma said I might tum.”

Do, good people, move on; such a rabble of boys!
I'll break every bone of 'em I come near:
Go home—you're spilling the porter—
Go home, Tommy Jones, go along with your beer.
This is the sorrowfulest day of my life,
Ever since my name was Betty Morgan.—*Hood.*

“Billy! Where are you, Billy? I say, come home to your best of mothers.

I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so,
They'd run over their own sisters and brothers.

Or maybe he's stole by some chimney-sweeping wretch to stick in narrow flues, and what not.

Oh! I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longing eyes on his face,

For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he do n't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.”

“Oh, Ephraim!” said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles coursing up.

“Why, what is it, Arimathea?” said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it came in contact with the lounge.

“Baby!” she gasped.

Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat.

“Baby! Oh! oh! oh! Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothy. Oh! oh! oh!!”

—*Dunbury News Man.*

“Sit and roast there with your meat ; sit and bake there with your bread—

You who sat there to see us starve ! ” one shrinking woman said.

“Sit on your throne and roast, with your crown upon your head ! ”

STACCATO.

The Staccato Tone is a short, distinct, articulated style, and is used in harsh sentiment.

Examples.

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat that guards her young,
Full at Fitz James's throat she sprung.

—*Scott.*

Lay on, Macduff !
And damn'd be he who first cries “ Hold ! enough ! ”
—*Macbeth.*

Blow, wind ! Come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
—*Macbeth.*

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.—*Macbeth.*

And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall ?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
No ! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !—*Scott.*

“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
Resene my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray :
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”

“‘Go!’ Through his ear the summons stung,
 As if a battle-trump had rung;
 The slumb’ring instincts long unstirred
 Start at the old familiar word;
 It thrills like flame through every limb—
 What mean his twenty years to him?
 The savage blow his rider dealt
 Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
 The spur that pricked his staring hide,
 Unheeded, tore his bleeding side;
 Alike to him are spur and rein,—
 He steps a five-year-old again!”

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
 I’ll not endure it. You forget yourself,
 To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not!

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
 Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further!

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.—*Shakespeare.*

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
 ’Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
 ’Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 Spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee.

—*Longfellow.*

IMITATIVE.

The Imitative is used to suit sound to sense. Bell—
Moan—Thunder—Crash, etc.

Examples.

For men must work and women must weep,
Though there 's little to earn and many to keep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.—*Kingsley*.

O warning lights! burn bright and clear,—
Hither the storm comes;
Leagues away it moans and thunders low and drear,—
Burn till the break of day.—*Celia Thaxter*.

Then came thunder in mine ears,
And over us surged the sea of steers.
—*Desprez*.

Do not mock me. Oh! ring the bells softly,
And burn your lights low; my Italy's there
With my brave civic pair to disfranchise despair.
—*Mrs. Browning*.

Oh! sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow, bugle!—hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle!—answer, echoes,
Dying—dying—dying.—*Tennyson*.

“Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers:
Chee, chee, chee!”

"How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
 Each one its creed in music tells
 In tones that float upon the air,
 As soft as song, as pure as prayer.
 And I will put in simple rhyme
 The language of the golden chime:
 My happy heart with rapture swells
 Responsive to the bells, sweet bells."

"But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'
 'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
 Far away amid the forest,
 Heard the sudden cry of anguish,
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha
 Calling to him in the darkness,
 'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'"

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow!—set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle!—answer, echoes,
 Dying—dying—dying.

"Oh, love! they die in yon rich sky;
 They faint on hill, or field, or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And live forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow!—set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer, echoes, answer,
 Dying—dying—dying."

SONOROUS.

The Sonorous Tone is made by abdominal breathing, and is used in passion.

Examples.

Ah! more royally in woman's heart than dwells within the crowned majesty and sceptered anger of an hundred kings.—*Richelieu*.

You do not know what you say, my poor child. You do not comprehend that this would be to villify, to dishonor, the widow of Louis XVI.—*Marie Antoinette*.

Come not cringing to woo me ;
 'Take me with passion and power,
 As a warrior storms a fortress :
 I will not shrink or cower.
 Come as you came in the desert
 Ere we were women and men,
 When the tiger passions were in us,
 And love as you loved me then.

—*W. W. Story*.

Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
 Immortal longings in me ; now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip ;
 Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. Metlinks I hear
 Antony call.—*Shakespeare*.

“Ah, me ! this lifeless nature
 Oppresses my heart and brain !
 O for a storm and thunder,
 For lightning and wild, fierce rain !
 Fling down that lute—I hate it !
 Take rather his buckler and sword,
 And crash them and clash them together
 Till this sleeping world is stirred.”

Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—*Shakespeare.*

“Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart, and show
 The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
 I, if I perish,—perish ; in the name of God I go.”

“O my soul's joy !
 If after every tempest come *such* calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
 O joy ! thou welcome stranger ! twice three years
 I have not felt thy vital beam ; but now
 It warms my veins, and plays about my heart :
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
 And I could mount—”

SOSTENUTO.

The Sostenuto is that tone of voice used in love, admiration, and pleasing sentiment. High pitch, moderate time.

Examples.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ;
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ;—soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.—*Shakespeare.*

Soft undulations,
 Like music's vibrations
 Coursing light-footed the silvery strings,
 Seem like the ocean
 In jubilant motion,
 Rocking its burden of beautiful things.

—*Edward A. Jenks.*

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,—
 What was thy delightful measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still, through all the song;
 And when her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
—William C. Bryant.

She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud in
 in the east. Loveliness was around her, as light. Her steps were
 like the music of songs.—*Ossian*.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
 And it opened its fanlike leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
—Shelley.

Oh! be some other name!
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title.—*Shakespeare*.

Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-browed night!
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—*Shakespeare*.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes.—*Byron*.

MOVEMENT.

Movement refers to time, and is quick, moderate, and slow.

Quick Movement.

Quick Movement expresses joy, with confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear.

Examples.

Away ! away ! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river,
 And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
 On the forest branches quiver.—*Bryant.*

“Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to steed,
 And speed, if ever for life you would speed,
 And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride ;
 For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
 And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
 I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore ;
 While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
 Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
 As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.”

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
 That was all ! —*Longfellow.*

“I come ! I come ! ye have called me long !
 I come o’er the mountains with light and song !
 Ye may trace my step o’er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet’s birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

“From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o’er the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!”

“Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
 Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

“The jessamine clambers in flower o’er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.”

“Every one is doubtful what course to take,—every one but Cæsar! He causes the banner to be erected, the charge to be sounded, the soldiers at a distance to be recalled,—all in a moment. He runs from place to place; his whole frame is in action; his words, his looks, his motions, his gestures, exhort his men to remember their former valor. He draws them up, and causes the signal to be given,—all in a moment. He seizes a buckler from one of his private men, puts himself at the head of his broken troops, darts into the thick of the battle, rescues his legions, and overthrows the enemy!”

“You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow ’ll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
 Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
 For I’m to be Queen of the May, mother, I’m to be Queen of
 the May.

“I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
 For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’
 the May.”

“If ever you saw an old hoss spring upwards into a new,
 If ever you saw a driver whose traps behind him flew,
 ’T was that old hoss a rompin’ and racin’ along the track,
 And that respectable milkman a tryin’ to hold him back.

“Away he rushed like a cyclone at the head of No. 3,
 Gained the lead and kept it, and steered the journey free,
 Dodgin’ the wheels and hosses, and still on the keenest silk,
 And furnishing all that deestriect with good respectable milk.”

Moderate Movement.

Moderate time is used in cheerfulness and the gentle forms of the emotion.

Examples.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*As You Like It.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all ;—
 His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, This was a man.

—*Julius Caesar.*

“Let me play the fool:
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ?”

“That strain again ! it had a dying fall !
 Oh, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odor.”

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
 And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
 Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Not in vain the distance beckons. Forward, forward let us range;
 Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun,—
 Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun:

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit bath not set;
 Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
 Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

—*Tennyson.*

“The scene had also its minstrels ; the birds, those ministers and worshippers of Nature, were on the wing, filling the air with melody ; while, like diligent little housewives, they ransacked the forest and field for materials for their housekeeping.”

“Across in my neighbor’s window, with its drapings of satin and lace,
 I see, ’neath its flowing ringlets, a baby’s innocent face.
 His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
 And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile as they
 pass.”

Slow Movement.

Slow time is used to express vastness, solemnity, horror, and consternation.

Examples.

“Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven? Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance?”

“As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Tennyson.*

“’Tis midnight's holy hour: and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year.”

“Silence how dead, and darkness how profound!
The glooms of night brood o’er a slumb’ring world.”

“Night gathers slowly around me—the long night of darkness and death. Within mine eye the light of life is fading, as the day is slowly melting from the darkening sky.”

“Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.”

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

INFLECTION.

Inflection in voice indicates each passing thought.
Inflections are Rising, Falling, and Monotone.

Rising Inflection.

The Rising Inflection is the rare exception, and excites doubt and incredulity. It also defers to the hearer.

Examples.

None could run so fast as he could;
None could dive so deep as he could;
None could swim so fast as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As the wonderful Iago,
As this marvellous story-teller.

—*Hiawatha.*

“It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness.”

Hamlet. Look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Ophelia. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Hamlet. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Oh, heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?

—*Hamlet.*

Look upon my boy? What mean you?
Look upon my boy as though I guessed it,—
Guessed the trial you 'd have me make?

—*Knowles.*

“*You* come to teach the people?”

“Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?”

“Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!”

“Indeed! he is *your* friend, is he?
What! has he assured you that he is *my* friend?”

“*We!*—what page in the last court grammar made *you* a plural?”

“All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break:
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?”

Falling Inflection.

The Falling Inflection is the rule, and carries conviction and pathos.

Examples.

“ One more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death.”

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on 't ! oh, fie ! 'T is an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ; nay, not so much, not two ;
 So excellent a king ; that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr ! so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face two roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Let me not think on 't. Frailty, thy name is woman !
—*Hamlet.*

“ When in the silent night all earth lies hushed
 In slumber ; when the glorious stars shine out,
 Each star a sun, each sun a central light
 Of some fair system, ever wheeling on
 In one unbroken round, and that again
 Revolving round another sun ; while all
 Suns, stars, and systems proudly roll along
 In one majestic ever-onward course,
 In space uncircumscribed and limitless,—
 Oh ! think you then the undebasèd soul
 Can calmly give itself to sleep,—to rest ? ”

“ Hush ! lightly tread ! still tranquilly she sleeps ;
 I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
 To break the heavenly spell. Move silently.”

“Go stand upon the heights at Niagara, and listen in awe-struck silence to that boldest, most earnest and eloquent, of all Nature’s orators! And what is Niagara, with its plunging waters and its mighty roar, but the oracle of God, the whisper of His voice who is revealed in the Bible as sitting above the water-floods forever?”

“The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There’s a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where the sheaves of the dead bar the way:
For a great field is reaped, heaven’s garners to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.”

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herds wind slowly o’er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

“Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come,—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast;
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”
—*Tennyson*: “*May Queen*.”

Monotone.

Monotone occurs in those parts of a subject where several words follow each other without requiring any variation of tone. It should be read or spoken with unvarying sameness. Very low pitch and slow time.

Examples.

As autumn’s dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so toward each other approached the heroes. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven,—such is the noise of battle.

—*Ossian*.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.—*Hamlet.*

“In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before my eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, ‘Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?’”

And now the grave for its cold breast has won thee,
 And thy white delicate limbs the earth will press;
 And, oh! my last caress
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee;
 How can I leave my boy so pillowed there
 Upon his clustering hair!—*Willis.*

And the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell upon the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken by a mighty wind. And the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.—*Bible.*

“Toll, toll, toll,
 Thou bell by billows swung!”

“ Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o’er the slumbering world.
 Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound ! ”

“ When for me the silent oar
 Parts the Silent River,
 And I stand upon the shore
 Of the strange Forever,
 Shall I miss the loved and known ?
 Shall I vainly seek mine own ? ”

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis produces a primary beauty of oratory ; it gives the nice distinctions of meaning, the refined conceptions which language is capable of expressing, and imparts a force and harmony to composition which its absence would render lifeless, and frequently unintelligible. The best rule for emphasizing justly is to study the true meaning of the author, and lay the stress upon such words as you would make impressive were you conversing upon the same subject.

Examples.

Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, that liftest thy head unto the heavens, be not so audacious as to put obstacles in my way ; if thou dost, I will cut thee level with the plain, and hurl thee headlong into the sea.—*Absurd boast of Xerxes.*

And David’s anger was greatly kindled against the man, and he said to Nathan, “ As the Lord liveth, the man that has done this thing shall surely die ;

“ And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.”

And Nathan said to David, “ Thou art the man.”—*Bible.*

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

—*Macbeth*.

“I tell you, though you, though all the world, though an angel from heaven, should declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.”

O proper stuff!
This is the proper painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh! these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her *grandam*. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

—*Macbeth*, Act III, Scene 4.

“A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!”

Speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Do n't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try overhard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Do n't—let me beg you—do n't say “How?” for “What?”
And when you stick on conversation's burs,
Do n't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.”

—*O. W. Holmes*.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets!

—*Richard III*.

Born for your use, I live but to obey you ;
 Know then—'t was I !

—*Tragedy of the Revenge, Act 5.*

CLIMAX.

A Climax is a figure in rhetoric, which rises in force and dignity of expression with the sense, and is productive of much grandeur and effect. The rule for reading or speaking a climax, is to raise the voice progressively with the subject.

Examples.

“ And from the sacrifice, by priestly hands,
 Sweet, spicy incense, like a voiceless prayer,
 Floats up on perfumed wings to Mercy's throne.”

“ Hear the loud alarm bells,
 Brazen bells ;
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night, how they ring out their affright
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now, now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.”

“ Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world ! Yet, we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king !—And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus !—once again, I swear,
 The Eternal City shall be free ! her sons
 Shall walk with princes !”

“But see! he has stepped on the railing, he climbs with his feet and hands,
 And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands.
 Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
 Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.”

Not wholly lost. O Father! is this evil world of ours;
 Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers,
 From its smoking hill of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

—*John G. Whittier.*

“Hark!—the bell, the bell!
 The knell of tyranny,—the mighty voice
 That to the city and the plain, to earth
 And listening heaven, proclaims the glorious tale
 Of Rome re-born, and freedom!”

“Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.”

“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God, and your native land.”

ANTI-CLIMAX.

This figure, the reverse of the Climax, imparts force, beauty, and pathos to language. Begin the passage in the middle tone, letting the voice fall to the lowest tone.

Examples.

“Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms! —never! never! never!”

“That fires not, wins not, weeps not now.”

“Look to your hearths, my lords,
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus ; all shames and crimes ;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.”

In helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart.

—*Byron.*

“Down cloudy pathways walks the coming night,
Casting mysterious shadows in her way,—
Shadows that thrill each sense with vague alarm,
More frightful for their very nothingness.”

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ;—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !”

“Me miserable, which way shall I fly ?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair !
Which way I fly is Hell,—myself am Hell :
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven !”

O blessed sleep !

In which, exempt from our
Tired selves, and all the
Shams o'er which we weep,
Toward our native nothingness
We sink ten thousand fathoms deep.

—*J. G. Holland.*

The light of genius is sometimes so resplendent as to make a man walk through life amid glory and acclamation : but it burns very dimly and low when carried into “the valley of the shadow of death.”

—*Mountford.*

“Around each pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine ;
Our hearts are altars all :
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armèd angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appall.”

PERSONATION.

Personation is the representation of the words, manner, and action of one person, or of many individuals.

This power is capable of producing an effect nearly equal to scenic representation.

Examples.

Ham. Now, mother ; what 's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come ; you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go ; you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What 's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;

And,—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I 'll send those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge :

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

—*Shakespeare.*

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :
“ Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke ;
“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign’s will
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer ;
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone ;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion’s clasp.”
Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire ;
And “ This to me !” he said ;

“ An’t were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head !
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest of her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate !
And if thou said’st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,—
Lowland or Highland, far or near,—
Lord Angus, thou hast lied !”
On the Earl’s cheek the flush of rage
O’ercame the ashen hue of age.
Fierce he broke forth,—“ And dar’st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall ?
And hop’st thou hence unscathed to go ?
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !
Up drawbridge, grooms ! What, warder, ho !
Let the porteullis fall !”

—*Scott.*

“And how’s my boy. Betty?” asked Mrs. Boffin, sitting down beside her.

“He’s bad; he’s bad!” said Betty. “I begin to be afeerd he’ll not be yours any more than mine. All others belonging to him have gone to the Power and the Glory; and I have a mind that they’re drawing him to them, leading him away.”

“No, no, no!” said Mrs. Boffin.

“I do n’t know why else he clinches his little hand, as if he had hold of a finger that I can’t see; look at it!” said Betty, opening the wrappers in which the flushed child lay, and showing his small right hand lying closed upon his breast. “It’s always so. It do n’t mind me.”

—*Dickens.*

Helen. What’s that you read?

Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.

Hel. ’T is a naughty tongue,
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

Modus. To lie!

Hel. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. As sour
’T would seem you think her, so you covet her!
Why, how the monster stares and looks about!
You construe Latin, and can’t construe that!

Modus. I never studied women.

Hel. No, nor men;
Else would you better know their ways, nor read
In presence of a lady.”

Men. You blame Marcus for being proud?

Brutus. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!”

HIGHEST PHYSICAL CULTURE.—ORATORY.

When the Mental and the Vital are fully developed, the Moral predominates.

The Art of Oratory is expressing mental thought by means of physical organs, and may be divided into three parts, Vital, Mental, and Moral.

The Vital is the sensitive, and sustains; the soul turns back upon itself, and the organism obeys this movement. Head elevated, eyes wide open, brows level.

Examples of the Vital.

“Thoughts—what are they?

They are my constant friends,
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Unclosed me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.”

“Now is the winter of my discontent
Made glorious summer.”

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My rights there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

“O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.”

“Young men and women! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw, that seems too high, too beautiful, for your young hearts. What aspirations there are for the good, the true, the fair, and the holy! The instinctive affections,—how beautiful they are, with all their purple prophecy of new homes and generations of immortals that are yet to be! The high instincts of reason, of conscience, of love, of religion,—how beautiful and grand they are in the young heart!”

“ Men at some time are masters of their fate :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spurt as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? ”

“ Rouse thee up ! Oh, waste not life in fond delusions. Be a soldier ! Be a hero ! Be a man ! ”

“ We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms which the wise powers forbid us for our good ; so find we profit by losing of our prayers.”

Examples of the Mental.

The Mental is the reflective state, and guides ; the soul lives outside of itself, it has relations with the exterior world. The Mental or Reflective state : the head is inclined slightly forward, eyes cast down or fixed without seeing, eyebrows contracted, voice low, force dependent upon intensity of feeling.

“ If it were done, when ’t is done, then ’t were well
 It were done quickly : if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here.
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time
 We’d jump the life to come.—But in these cases
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague th' inventor : thus even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow ; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

"This is the place, the centre of the grave ;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood ;
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !
The silver moon unclouded holds her way
Through skies where I could count each little star ;
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stealthy sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,—
If ancestry may be in aught believed,—
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown."

"To be, or not to be ; that is the question :—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?"

The Moral.

The Moral is the soul state, and impels, and is most perfect,
elevated, and sublime.

Standard Position.

Head thrown back in exaltation, eyes looking to heaven,
brows elevated, hands raised or clasped.

Examples.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. Break forth into joy; sing together, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem! For the Lord has comforted his people. He has redeemed Jerusalem.”

“They never fail, who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates—and castle walls—
But still—their spirit walks abroad. Tho’ years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.”

“Oh, joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But in trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”

“But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance—hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song!
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.”

“The world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness.”

Inspiration and Explosion.

The voice has three dimensions, height, depth, and breadth.

A stronger voice may be obtained by taking the third position.

There are three ways of increasing intensity and strength of voice, by profound inspiration, explosion, and expansion.

“What ho! sound the alarm bells!”

“Advance your standards, draw your willing swords!
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully!
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!”

“To arms! they come!—the Greeks, the Greeks!”

“There’s a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There’s a litter of winds in that beechen tree,
There’s a smile on thee and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.”

The Fervent Voice.

Fervent voice is the language of our inner nature, our real selves, the language of the heart. The fervent voice represents the self, the individual, the present, and the present moment.

Individuality is that essence which goes from yourself to another. It makes the manhood and the womanhood, the brotherhood. “David, the king, was grieved and moved. He went to his chamber and wept, and as he went thus he said,—O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!”

SELECTIONS.

SELECTIONS.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to Niagara falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream,—bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in all the turbulence which it must show near the falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river;—it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

“Ha ! ha ! We will laugh and quaff ; all things delight us. What care we for the future ! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment ; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.”

“YOUNG MEN, AHOY !”

“What is it ?”

“BEWARE ! BEWARE ! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU !”

“Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point ! Up with the helm ! Now turn ! Pull hard ! Quick ! quick ! quick ! Pull for your lives ! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow ! Set the mast in the socket ! hoist the sail !” Ah ! ah ! it is too late ! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming—over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, “*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up !*”

—John B. Gough.

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

[ARRANGED BY SARAH NEAL HARRIS.]

A ROMANCE OF THE AGE.

There's a lady—an earl's daughter ; she is proud and she is noble ;
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed
air ;

And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder
presence ;

Upon princely suitors' praying she has looked in her disdain :
She has sprung of English nobles, I was born of English peasants ;
What was *I* that I should love her—save for competence to pain !

Yet I could not choose but love her—I was born to poet uses—
To love all things set above me, all of good and all of fair ;
Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the
Muses—

And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from mount to star.

And they praised me in her presence :—“ Will your book appear
this summer ? ”

Then, returning to each other :—“ Yes our plans are for the
moors.”

Then with whisper dropped behind me—“ There he is, ‘ the latest
comer ! ’ ”

Oh, she only likes his verses : what is over she endures.”

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there among them,
Till, as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorning scorched my
brow ;

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced, overrung them,
And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her ! With a calm and regnant
spirit,

Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said clear before them all,—
“ Have you such superfluous honor, sir, that, able to confer it,
You will come down, Mr. Bertram, as my guest to Wycombe Hall ? ”

In the ancient hall of Wycombe thronged the numerous guests
invited,

And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding feet ;
And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted
All the air about the windows with elastic laughers sweet.

Then she drew me the first morning out across into the garden :
And I walked among her noble friends, and could not keep behind ;
Spake she unto all and unto me—“ Behold, I am the warden
Of the song birds in these lindens, which are cages to their mind.”

Then we talked—oh, how we talked ! Her voice so cadenced in the
talking

Made another singing—of the soul ! a music without bars—

While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we
were walking,
Filled my soul with aspirations high as sky above the stars.

She was patient with my talking; and I loved her—loved her
certes,

As I loved all heavenly objects, with uplifted eyes and hands!
As I loved pure inspirations—loved the graces, loved the virtues—
In a Love content with writing his own name on desert sands.

Then I heard an earl's voice pleading, for love's sake, for wealth,
position,

“For the sake of liberal uses, and great actions to be done”—
And she interrupted gently, “Nay, my lord, the old tradition
Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than mine is, should be
won.”

What he said again, I know not. It is likely that his trouble
Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answered in slow scorn—
“And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry shall be noble,
Aye, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was born.”

There, I maddened! her words stung me! Life swept through me
into fever,

And my soul sprang up astonished; sprang full-statured in an hour:
Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER,
To a Pythian height dilates you,—and despair sublimes to power?

I was mad—inspired—say either! anguish worketh inspiration—
Was a man or beast—perhaps so, for the tiger roars when speared;
And I walked on, step by step, along the level of my passion—
Oh, my soul! and passed the doorway to her face, and never feared.

“For myself I do not argue,” said I, “though I love you, madam;
But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have trod.
And this age shows to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam,
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

“Have you any answer, madam? If my spirit were less earthly,
If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,

I would kneel down where I stand, and say—Behold me! I am
 worthy
 Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king.”

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder
 Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a call.
 Could you guess what word she uttered? She looked up as in
 wonder,

With tears beaded on her lashes, and said “Bertram!” it was all.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! ’tis a dream!—a dream of
 mercies!

’Twixt the purple lattice-curtains, how she standeth still and pale!

’Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self-curses—

Sent to sweep a patient quiet o’er the tossing of his wail.

Said he— ‘Wake me by no gesture,—sound of breath, or stir of
 vesture;

Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine!

No approaching—hush! no breathing! or my heart must swoon to
 death in

That too utter life thou bringest—O thou dream of Geraldine!”

Ever, evermore the while in slow silence she kept smiling—

But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and tenderly;

“Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is no woman far above me

Found more worthy of thy poet-heart than such a one as *I*?”

Ever, evermore the while in slow silence she kept smiling,

While the silver tears ran faster down the blushing of her cheeks;

Then, with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly told him,

“Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . ’t is the vision only speaks.”

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knee he fell before her—

And she whispered low in triumph,—“It shall be as I have sworn!

Very rich he is in virtues,—very noble—noble, certes;

And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly born!”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

THE DEATH OF ARBACES.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightning lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress. In parts, where the ashes lay dry, and uncommixed with the boiling torrents, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hidden limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by the wild shrieks of women's terror, which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around. And, clear and distinct, through all, were the mighty and various noises from the fatal mountain—its rushing winds, its whirling torrents, and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion.

As if to aid and reanimate the lovers, the winds and showers came to a sudden pause; the atmosphere was profoundly still; the mountain seemed at rest, gathering, perhaps, fresh fury for its next burst. The torch-bearers moved quickly on. Redly and steadily the torches flashed full upon the eyes of Glaucus and Ione, who lay trembling and exhausted upon his bosom. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers heavily laden;—in front of them, a drawn sword in his hand, towered the lofty form of Arbaces!

“By my fathers!” cried the Egyptian, “fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and amid the dreadest aspects of woe and death bodes me happiness and love! Away, Greek,—I claim my ward, Ione!”

“Traitor and murderer!” cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe. “Nemesis has guided thee to my revenge! Approach—touch but the hand of Ione—and thy weapon shall be as a reed;—I will tear thee limb from limb!”

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two, or, rather, above its surface there

seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, like demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the atmosphere far and wide; but below, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as toward the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to rise a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon!

The slaves shrieked aloud, and, cowering, hid their faces. The Egyptian himself stood transfixed to the spot, the glow lighting up his commanding features and jewelled robes. High behind him rose a tall column which supported the bronze statue of Augustus, and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire!

With his left hand circled around the form of Ione, with his right arm raised in menace, and grasping the stilus which was to have been his weapon in the arena,—with brow knit, his lips apart, the wrath and menace of human passions arrested, as by a charm, upon his features, Glaucus confronted the Egyptian.

Arbaces turned his eyes from the mountain; they rested on the form of Glaucus. He paused a moment. "Why," he muttered, "should I hesitate? Did not the stars foretell the only crisis of imminent peril to which I was subjected? Is not that peril past?"

"The soul," he cried aloud, "can brave the wreck of worlds and the wrath of imaginary gods! By that soul will I conquer to the last! Advance, slaves! Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head! Thus, then, I regain Ione!"

He advanced one step—it was his last on earth! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast down all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled roof and pillar! The lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the imperial statue—then shivered bronze and column! The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!

The sound—the shock—stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illumined the scene, the ground still slid and trembled beneath. Ione lay senseless on the ground, but he saw her not yet: his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face, that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge

fragments of the shattered column—a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair. The eyes shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled; the lips quivered and grinned; then sudden stillness and darkness came over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten!

So perished the wise magician—the Great Arbaces—the Hermes of the Burning Belt—the last of the Royalty of Egypt!

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

THE DUTY OF DELIGHT.

[ARRANGED BY SARAH NEAL HARRIS.]

In these June mornings, when the earth is a promise and the heavens are a benediction, one is filled with a vital gladness by a perception of the glory and beauty of nature, and of those inner emotions that shape all ways to good.

There is also a settled enthusiasm in all one's doings and sufferings, let him but know his choice is noble and his work true, and so reaps his harvest not in the far off issue, but in the doing of it now.

Those who sink under persecution, or are impatient under sad accident, lose those glories that stand behind the silver cloud. Every accident is intended to minister to virtue, and every virtue is the mother of joy.

There is, indeed, a certain joy that underlies all faithfulness of thought and life. It might well be called the smile of God reflected in the depths of the human spirit. There can be no duty more imperative than to win this. Without it compassion loses its tenderness, charity its power to encourage, and the lack of it darkens the homely paths of occupation and discipline which all must tread.

The "duty of delight" sounds like the prevailing commonplace of a selfish philosophy, that happiness is our being's end and aim; but this is not so, the delight we are describing is not sought because it is pleasant, but because it is the state becoming the heirs of such opportunities as ours, heirs of immortality.

Cheerfulness is the gold that gives all possessions their value.

All the hoards of a lifetime of toil are but rubbish, if care and cunning have spoiled the capacity to enjoy. There is nothing in character so magnetic as cheerfulness. There are some whose very presence is a blessing, whom to look upon is to feel new courage, to take up toils, deprivations, cares, to think hopefully of man, to believe all noble achievements possible, and victory sure to those who deserve; to see a more glorious sun, and feel breezes from the eternal hills.

In all the works of art there is one unmistakable sign and stamp, that of the perfect delight the artist found in doing them. And you will find the same stamp on every good work of the hands, the head, or the heart. From this come clearness of sight and every form of power. This delight is in all the fine arts, or in the finer art of life.

It is the transfiguration of the character by the mastery of itself and its lot, and the consequent inflowing of the light of God.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

THE RAJAH'S CLOCK.

Rajah Balpoora, Prince of Jullinder,
 Reigned in the land where the five rivers ran;
 A lordly tyrant, with none to hinder
 His wildest pleasure or maddest plan.
 His hall was beauty, his throne, was splendor,
 His meat was dainties of every zone;
 Nor ever a joy that wealth can render,
 His whimsical fancy left unknown.
 For afar, in sight of his palace windows,
 His realm was gardens on every hand,
 And the feet of a hundred thousand Hindoos
 Came and went at his least command.
 But one thing, worthy his pride to show it,
 Among his treasures eclipsed them all;
 'T was the marvel of sage, and praise of poet—
 The wonderful clock in his palace hall.

Brain and fingers of matchless cunning
Patiently planned the strange machine ;
Framed and balanced, and set it running,
With a living heart in its wheels unseen.
Behind the dial, the iron pallet
Counted the seconds, and just below
Hung a silver gong, and a brazen mallet
For every hour had a brazen blow ;
And near, like windrowed leaves in the weather,
Or battle wrecks at a charnel door,
Lay mock men's limbs, all huddled together,
In a shapeless heap, on a marble floor !
And when the dial-hands, creeping, pointed
The smallest hour on the disk of day,
Click ! from the piecemeal pile, rejointed,
A new-made mannikin jumped away !
Nimble-handed, a small, trim figure,
Briskly he stooped when his work begun,
Seized a mallet with nervous vigor,
And loud on the echoing gong struck *one* !
Clang ! and the hammer that made the-clámor
Dropped and lay where it lay before,
And the arms of the holder fell off at the shoulder,
And his head went rolling down to the floor.

Dead ! ere the great bell's musical thunder
In the listening chamber throbbed away.
(No eye discovered the hidden wonder,
That dreaming under the ruins lay.)
Dead as the bones in the prophet's valley,
Waiting without a stir or sound,
While the pendulum's tick, tick, tick, kept tally,
And the busy wheels of the clock went round,
Till another hour to its limit, creeping,
Its sign those bodiless limbs shot thro',
And a pair of mannikins, swift upleaping,
Loud on the echoing gong struck *two* !
Clang ! clang ! and the brazen hammers
Dropped, and lay where they lay before,

Still as the shells of the sea-floor, sleeping
 Countless fathoms the waves below ;
 Still as the stones of a city, heaping
 The path of an earthquake, ages ago,—
 Lay the Sundered forms ; but steadily swinging,
 Beat the slow pendulum, tick, tick, tick,
 Till lo ! at the third hour, suddenly springing.
 Rose three men's limbs with a click, click, click ;
 And, joined together by magic gifted,
 In statue perfect and motion free,
 The trio, each with his mallet lifted,
 Loud on the echoing gong struck *three* !
 Clang ! clang ! clang !

And as many as each hour's figure numbered,
 So many men of that small brigade,
 Whose members the marble floor encumbered,
 Made themselves, and as soon unmade,
 Till at noon rose all, and each one swinging
 His brazen sledge by its brazen helve.
 Set all the rooms of the palace ringing,
 As their strokes on the silver gong told *twelve*.

Rajah Balpoora, Prince of Jullinder,
 Died. But the great clock's tireless heart
 Beat on. And still in that hall of splendor
 The twelve little sextons played their part.
 And the wise who entered the palace portal
 Read in the wonder the lesson plain :
 Every human hour is a thing immortal,
 And days but perish to rise again.
 From the grave of every life we saddened,
 Comes back the clamor of olden wrongs.
 And our deeds that other souls have gladdened,
 Ring from the past like angel songs.

THE MISSING SHIP.

It was long before the cable stretched across the ocean, when the steamers did not make such rapid runs from continent to continent, that the ship *Atlantic* was missing. She had been due in New York for some days, and the people began to despair. "The *Atlantic* has not been heard from yet?" "What news from the *Atlantic* on Exchange?"

"None." Telegraphic dispatches came in from all quarters. "Any news from the *Atlantic*?" And the word thrilled along the wires to the hearts of those who had no friends on board. "No."

Day after day passed, and people began to get excited, when the booming of the guns told that a ship was coming up the Narrows. People went out upon the Battery and Castle Garden with their spy-glasses; but it was a British ship—the Union Jack was flying. They watched her come up to her moorings, and their hearts sank within them.

"Any news from the *Atlantic*?"

"Has not the *Atlantic* arrived?"

"No!"

"She sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing from her." And the people said, "There is no use hoping against hope: she is gone, like the *President*. She has made her last port."

Day after day passed, and those who had friends began to make up their mourning.

Day after day passed, and the captain's wife was so ill that the doctor said she would die, if suspense were not removed.

Day after day passed, and men looked at one another and said, "Ah! it is a sad thing about the *Atlantic*."

At length one bright and beautiful morning the guns boomed across the bay, and a ship was seen coming into port. Down went the people to the Battery and Castle Garden. It was a British ship again, and hope seemed to die within them.

But up she came, making a ridge of white foam before her, and you could hear a heavy sigh from that crowd, as if it were the last hope dying out. Men looked at one another blankly. By and by some one cried out, "She has passed her moorings, she is steaming up the river."

Then they wiped away the dimness of grief, and watched the vessel. Round she came, most gallantly, and as she passed the immense crowds on the wharves and at Castle Garden, the crew hoisted flags from trucks and main-chains. An officer leaped upon the paddle, put his trumpet to his lips, and cried out, "The *Atlantic* is safe; she has put into port for repairs!"

Then such a shout! Oh, how they shouted! Shout! shout! shout! "The *Atlantic* is safe!"

Bands of music paraded the streets, telegraph wires worked all night long. "The *Atlantic* is safe!" bringing joy to millions of hearts; and yet not one in a hundred thousand of those who rejoiced had a friend or a relative on board that steamer.

It was sympathy with the sorrows of others, with whom they had no tie in common save that which God created when he made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and permitted us, as brethren, to call him the common Father of us all.

—*John B. Gough.*

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

Trinity bells, with their hollow lungs,
And their vibrant lips, and their brazen tongues,
Over the roof of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears, in my child's blue eyes;
And every face in the street is gay,—

Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?
So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,
And tell him the story of Easter eggs.

You have heard, my son, of the Man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns, and crucified,
And how Joseph the wealthy,—whom God reward,—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves, and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And watched and crooned through the live-long night.

Now when the bird, from her dim recess,
Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long, till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and Heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb!

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld this Celestial Mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire!

When the glittering, white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said,—“Sweet bird! be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!”

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue—
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.



WHAT IS A MINORITY?

What is a *minority*? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that has vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that has stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments. To whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah! *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and hootings, and scourgings—dyeing

the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire,—let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stand for the right and the truth, though every man’s finger be pointed at him, though every woman’s lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

—*J. B. Gough.*

PYRAMIDS NOT ALL EGYPTIAN.

Mankind is toiling for a deathless name. Various are the schemes devised and the plans pursued to gain this one world-sought end—to rear a pyramid that shall not decay, but grow broader and higher with “the roll of ages.” This is the nucleus of the world of thought. At *its* altar are immolated the smile and the tear, the swell of delight and the revenging throb, the sweets of duty and the joys of life and the hopes of heaven.

To give his name to posterity Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and Rome was free no more. *He* built a terrible pyramid upon the ruins of the “Eternal City.” But think you its vast height gave him pride, or availed him aught when the cold steel of Brutus’s dagger rankled in his heart and poured his blood on the senate floor of Rome?

To gain an undying name Alexander drew the sword of conquest, lit up the land with burning cities, quenched their sighs with tears, extorted the sigh of anguish from millions, and then died seeking to show himself a god.

And Bonaparte, too, that lion swimming in blood, went over

Europe tying laurels on his brow with heart-strings, and writing his name with his blood-streaming sword full on the thrones and foreheads of kings. The powers of his mind, throbbing in midnight dreams, shook the civilized world; and yet the delirious spirit of the world-wonderful warrior, whose haughty star withered kings and whose brow was unawed, whether his eagles hovered around the Alps or shrieked amid the flames of Moscow, died a powerless prisoner on the lonely billow-dashed isle of St. Helena.

These have gained names more lasting than Egyptian pyramids, but, oh! at the price of their eternal ruin. Who, who can read the history of such men, and then seek a like immortality? But is there no way of gaining a name, noble, glorious, immortal? There *are* paths that lead to fame, unsullied and undying, up which many great minds have toiled unceasing till death cut the fetters and sent them home.

The scholar, astronomer, poet, orator, patriot, and philosopher, all have fields, broad, fertile, perennial. The ruins of the "Eternal City" "still breathe, *born* with Cicero." The story of Demosthenes, with his mouth full of pebbles, haranguing the billows of old ocean, will be stammered by the school-boy "down to latest time." And after "the foot of time" has trodden down his marble tombstone, and strewed his grave with the dust of ages, it will be said that nature's orator, Patrick Henry, while accused of treason and threatened with death, "hurled his crushing thunderbolts" at the haughty form of tyranny, and cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death," in accents that burned all over Europe.

Washington, too, has a pyramid in every American heart. When the serpent tyranny wrapped his freezing folds around our nation's heart, and with exulting hisses raised his horrid coils to heaven, then Washington hurled a thunderbolt that drove him back to moulder and rot beneath the crumbling thrones of Europe, and sent the startling echo of freedom rumbling around our broad green earth.

Has not Newton a name among the immortals? How easily did he grasp the golden chain, swung from the Eternal Throne, and with what intense rapture and thrilling delight did he climb upward, vibrate through the concave of the skies, gaze around upon the stars, and bathe in the glorious sunlight of eternal truth that blazed from the centre—Deity.

Can time, or winds, or floods, or fire destroy Luther's pyramid? He reared it by an awful conflict, more terrible than ever hung on the tread of an army. The *one* carries thrones and empires; the silent thoughts of the *other* tell on the destiny of the world. Nerved by the Omnipotent, he stood up amid the smoke and flash of century-working batteries and thundered "Truth" till the world reeled and rocked as if within the grasp of an earthquake.

Milton, too; the wave of oblivion may surge over the pyramids, but Milton, who painted pyramids with heavenly glow, unlocked the brazen gates of the fiery gulf, heard its raging howl, and saw its maddening billows heave and plunge, will strike anew his golden lyre in heaven when yonder sun shall stay his fiery wheels mid-heaven, sicken, darken, and pitch lawless from his flaming chariot into the black chaos of universal ruin.

Nor is this all. A day is coming when the pyramids built in blood shall crumble and sink into nothingness; when yonder firmament shall frown in blackness; when burning worlds shall fly and lighten through immensity;—then shall the pyramids of the just tower away in the sunlight of heaven, and their builders shall grasp the golden chain swung from the eternal throne and bathe in the gloriousness of everlasting truth.—*G. O. Barnes.*

GOETHE'S HAMLET.

[ARRANGED BY SARAH NEAL HARRIS.]

You all know Shakespeare's incomparable Hamlet. I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet's character, as it had shown itself before his father's death. I endeavored to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event, independent of the terrible events that followed, and what most probably the young man would have been had no such things occurred.

Soft, and from a noble stem, this royal flower had sprung up under the immediate influence of majesty. The idea of moral rectitude with that of princely elevation, the feeling of the good, and dignified with the consciousness of high birth, had in him been unfolded simultaneously. He was a prince, by birth a prince; and he

wished to reign only that good men might be good without obstruction. Pleasing in form, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, he was meant to be the pattern of youth and the joy of the world. Without any prominent passion, his love for Ophelia was a still presentiment of sweet wants.

His zeal in knightly accomplishments was not entirely his own; it needed to be quickened and inflamed by praise of others for excelling in them.

Pure in sentiment, he knew the honorable minded, and could prize the rest which an upright spirit tastes on the bosom of a friend.

To a certain degree he had learned to discern and value the good and the beautiful in arts and sciences. The mean and the vulgar was offensive to him; and if hatred could take root in his tender soul, it was only so far as to make him properly despise the false and changeful insects of a court, and play them in easy scorn.

He was calm in his temper, artless in his conduct, neither pleased with idleness nor too violently eager for employment. The routine of a university he seemed to continue when at court.

He possessed more mirth of humor than of heart. He was a good companion, pliant, courteous, discreet, and able to forget and forgive an injury, yet never able to unite himself with those who overstep the limits of the right, the good, and the becoming.

Conceive a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a stronger possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this, he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene, which from his youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more, that he is less, than a private nobleman; he offers himself as the servant of every one; he is not courteous and condescending, he is needy and degraded. His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is vain that his uncle tries to cheer him, to

present his situation in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not forsake him.

The second stroke that came upon him, wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful, tender son had yet a mother when his father passed away. He hoped in the company of his noble-minded parent to reverence the heroic form of the departed; but his mother, too, he loses, and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which a good child loves to form of his parent is gone. With the dead there is no help, on the living no hold. She is also a woman, and her name is Frailty,—like that of her sex. Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness of life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective or sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus that we see him first enter on the scene.

Figure to yourselves this youth, this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrors of the night, when the venerable ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to this mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it, and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge, and the piercing, oft-repeated prayer, "Remember me!" And when the ghost had vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero, panting for vengeance? A prince by birth rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man; he grows bitter against smiling villain, swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the expressive,—

The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant in the present case to represent the effect of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed.

There is an oak tree, planted in a costly jar, which should have

borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom;—the roots expand—the jar is shivered.

A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him,—the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him,—not of themselves impossibilities, but for such as he.

He winds and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind,—ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts, yet still without recovering his peace of mind.

I believe there was never a grander play invented. Nay, it is not invented, it is real. It pleases us, it flatters us, to see a hero acting on his own strength, loving and hating as his heart directs him; undertaking and completing; casting every obstacle aside; and at length attaining some great object which he aimed at. Poets and historians would willingly persuade us that so proud a lot may fall upon him.

In Hamlet we are taught another lesson;—the hero is without a plan, but the piece is full of plan. Here we have no villain punished on some self-conceived and rigidly accomplished scheme of vengeance. A horrid deed occurs; it rolls itself along with all its consequences, dragging guiltless persons also in its course. The perpetrator seems as if he would evade the abyss which is made ready for him; yet he plunges in at the very point by which he thinks he shall escape and happily complete his course.

For it is the property of crime to extend its mischief over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that deserve them not, while frequently the author of one or the other is not punished or rewarded at all.

Here in this play of ours—how strange!—the pit of darkness sends its spirit and demands revenge: in vain! All circumstances tend one way, and hurry to revenge: in vain! Neither earthly nor infernal things may bring about what is reserved for Fate alone. The hour of judgment comes,—the wicked fall with the good.

William Mustel.

RIZPAH.

“Then King David took the two sons of Rizpah, whom she bare unto Saul, and hanged them on a tree, in the hill before the Lord.

“And Rizpah took sack-cloth and spread it for her upon the rock,

“And suffered neither the birds of the air by day, nor the beasts of the field by night, to rest on them.”

Rizpah! her poor gray tresses all unbound,
Each nerve and muscle held by mighty will,
Tearless in all her agony of love,
Guarding her precious dead against the vultures,
Tossing her thin, bare arms with gestures wild
To fright them as they wheel and circle low,
With flapping wings and harsh, discordant cries,
Eager to taste the horrid taste of death.
Hark! how her frenzied voice disturbs the night!
And, look! how grief and dread have marked her face
With awful lines of passionate despair!

“Back! back! Ye shall not touch one shining hair,
Or fan the poor dead cheeks with poisoning wings;
Go, find your prey amid unholy things;—
Back! let your sickening greed be elsewhere fed—
A mother watches o’er her precious dead.

“Mine own! mine only! Why, alas! do I,
I, in whose sluggish veins the life moves slow,
Still cumber earth’s fair ways, while ye must die,
In all the strength of manhood’s lusty glow?
Why might not I for broken vows atone,
And give this life for thine, mine own! mine own!
Heavens! how their senseless bodies in the breeze
Float ever to and fro, and to and fro,
Swaying in silence, through the trembling trees,
Like pendulums, to count my hours of woe!
Hours crowding up from horror’s dark abyss,—
Oh, patient God! was ever sight like this?
My sons! my sons! are those the love-lit eyes
Whose merry glances warmed my heart like wine?”

Are those the cheeks once bright with life's rich dyes?
 Those the red lips whose sweetness clung to mine?
 Is it a dream? or shall I wake erewhile?
 Wake to their living glance, and touch, and smile?
 They were my babies once! They use to lie
 With soft lips murmuring at my love-warm breast,
 Cooing sweet answers to the lullaby
 I sang to put them to their cradled rest.
 Listen! upon the night winds clear and low,
 Come fragments of that song of long ago.
 'T was this I sung,—a simple, foolish strain,
 Yet babes and mothers love such music well;
 E'en now its cadence soothes my restless brain;
 I think the angels sing it,—who can tell?
 My children loved it in the twilight gray,—
 'T is twilight now, alas! and where are they?
 Listen!

'Sleep, baby, sleep!
 The shadows softly creep;
 Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree—
 A little dream falls down to thee
 Sleep, baby, sleep

Thus, night and day, her wild, sad watch went on,
 And none could win her from her loving task.
 At length, the barley sheaves were gathered home,
 And once again the dry skies rained soft tears,
 As if in sorrow for her tearless woe!
 And pitying Heaven made man more pitiful:
 King David's heart grew tender at the sight,
 And, filled with wonder at her mighty love,
 He took her precious dead, with reverent hands,
 Enfolded them in costly cerements,
 Wet with the baptism of her grateful tears,
 More fragrant than all balms and spices fine,
 And gave them sepulchre with kindred dust.
 Then Rizpah's work was finished;—she arose,
 Folded her sack-cloth tent, and went her way,

Down thro' the valley to her childless home.
 Poor waiting Rizpah ! After many days
 Death came to her. (How slowly does he come
 When hearts are breaking, and are glad to break,
 As if he grudged the comfort of a grave !)

'T was twilight in the harvest-time again :
 She seemed to slumber when she clasped her arms
 As if she held a baby on her breast,
 And sang this fragment of her cradle song :

“Sleep, baby, sleep !
 The shadows softly creep ;
 Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree—
 A little dream comes down to thee :
 Sleep, baby, sleep.”

—*Lucy Blynn.*

CARTWHEELS.

Poor little boy—only nine years old, motherless, fatherless, no home but the market by day and the street by night, and no friends in the wide, wide world.

“Dan,” his mother used to call him ; but she died one stormy night of cold and hunger, and since then he had been known only as “Cartwheels,” a nickname given him because he could turn more cartwheels than any other boy. Nobody cared for him, and he cared for nobody.

For Dan, besides being errand-boy and beggar, was a thief. And yet he didn't look like a thief : he had beautiful, large, honest gray eyes, and a sweet, bright smile. And if he had been a happy child in a happy home, I know he would not have been one.

But it was hard, when faint with hunger, to have the basement doors slammed in his face, with “I've got nothing for you.”

But Christmas Day little Cartwheels, turned into the streets, had wandered about all day, and at night found himself with just one cent left of the ten he had earned the day before. He looked up at the lighted windows, and listened to the merriment that came from

every house, and wondered why folks made such a fuss at Christmas, when, while he was looking and wondering, the storm that had been threatening all day, began.

A cruel storm it was to beat so helpless and frail a wanderer. At last he ceased to fight against it, and flying from it, turned a corner into a handsome street, and crept down the area-way of a fine brown-stone house. As he crouched, shivering, a blast of wind blew open the basement door. Cartwheels got up and peeped into the hall. He could hear music and laughing and dancing; but the doors were shut, and he crept softly on until he came to a room with the door open, which seemed to him so beautiful that he stood like one entranced.

A cheerful fire glowed in the grate. Lovely flowers made the air sweet with their fragrance. A child's bed stood in one corner, dressed in white; above it hung the picture of the Madonna with her lovely babe; beside it the child herself, a dear little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, was kneeling by her mother. The child was in her little white night-gown, and with folded hands and shining eyes was listening to her mother.

"And in some countries," said the lady, "they believe that at the holy Christmas-time, Christ, in the form of a little child, comes again to earth, and wanders about seeking for shelter; and so they leave the house-door open and a bright lamp hanging above the gate, for thrice blessed will be the dwelling in which he enters. And they entertain every poor, homeless beggar child they meet, hoping the Beloved One may be hidden beneath the rags; and knowing that if the little guest prove not to be Christ himself, still will his blessing descend upon those who befriend the sad and lonely little ones. For Christ has said, 'Whosoever shall receive of such children in my name receiveth Me.'"

"And does Christ love all children?" asked the brown-haired little girl, in a sweet and reverent voice; "ev'ry one—bad girls and boys, too?"

"Yes, my darling," answered the mother, bending to kiss the upturned face; "beautiful and sinless as our Saviour is, I think he loves bad girls and boys with even a greater love than he feels for good ones, for he is so sorry for them, and the more wretched they are the more he pities them."

"And if he came to this city to-night," continued the wee maid,

“would he go where the dirty beggar children and the naughty steal boys are, instead of coming to see me?”

“He would, my pet. He’d seek the starving, the deformed, those that say wicked words, those that lie, those that steal, and smile upon them with a smile like sunshine, and kiss them, and tell them the way to heaven.”

“Bully!” shouted a shrill voice; and there, in the doorway, ragged and forlorn, his brimless hat tossed above his head, his gray eyes gleaming, a red spot burning on each thin cheek, stood Cartwheels.

The lady started to her feet, while the little daughter hastily rose from her knees, and clung to her skirts.

“Why, my boy,” she asked gently, “who are you, and where did you come from?”

Cartwheels hung his head for a moment, and while he hesitated, the lovely little girl came pattering over the carpet in her bare feet, and, taking his hand, looked wonderingly at him.

“He’s got nice eyes, and pretty curly hair, if it was combed,” she said.

“I’m Dan. Cartwheels they calls me, an’ I cum in from the street, an’ I did n’t see nobody, an’ I crep up-stairs, an’ I heard you,” looking shyly at the lady, “tell her about—about——”

“The Christ child?” said the lady.

“Yes; an’ how beautiful he was, an’ how he’d love such chaps as me; an’ if you think he’ll come to-night I’d like to have him kiss me; an’ please may I stay a little longer?”

“Where are your friends?”

“Ha’n’t got none. Nobody’s got nothin’ to do with me. I can sleep in the arey; an’ if he comes along, he’ll see me an’ p’raps make me good, for I’m a bad un and no mistake.”

The little girl, with tears in her sweet eyes, took both his dirty brown hands in her pure white ones.

“Mamma, the Christ-child must have sent him; and what was that verse—Who-so-ever——”

“‘Whosoever shall receive,’” repeated the mother, “‘one of such children in My name, receiveth Me.’ Dan,”—the boy looked up in wonder, for no one had ever spoken his name so sweetly before—“you will not see the dear Christ to-night, nor ever, I think, upon earth; why, I will tell you some other time. But he loves

and pities you, and sends you to me. You shall stay here as long as you are good."

"I'm so awfully happy," he said. "I can't tell you. Some-thin's stickin' in my throat." And then, after a short pause, he went on, with sparkling eyes: "I'll run arrants for you, an' I'll shine your boots, an' I'll dance for the pooty little lady, an' I'll show you where you kin buy the cheapest pigs' feet in the hull market, an' apples, cent apiece."

The lady burst into a merry laugh, the brown-haired girl joined in, and then Dan lent a shrill treble to the chorus; and thus began for the little street-boy a new and happy life from that blessed Christmas night.

—*Madge Elliot.*

THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,

For the sun dropped down, and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower,—
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge,—almost
They seemed to answer me!

O warning lights! burn bright and clear.
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear:
Burn till the break of day!

Good-night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars;
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain :—
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.

When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun !
Another ! We who sat within
Answered with cries each one.

One glimpse of the black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech, "

We told our tale, and the boatman cried,—
" 'T was the *Pocahontas*—all were lost !
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tossed."

Then I looked the whole horizon round,—
' So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned !
" Father in heaven," I said,—

A child's grief struggling in my breast,—
" Do purposeless thy children meet
Such bitter death ? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat ?

" Oh, wherefore ? Are we naught to Thee ?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more, then, after all ? "

Then I heard the far-off rote resound
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtile sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake
That wondrous rhythm, and "Peace, be still!"
It murmured, "Bow thy head and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last all shall be clear."
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing I climbed the light-house stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

JACK THE FISHERMAN.

Jack was a Fairharbor boy. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow; told a good story; was generous with his money when he had any. But at nineteen he drank; at twenty-five he was a drunkard. When he was a little fellow he used to sing "Rock of Ages" with his mother: he loved his mother. His father was a drunkard: he never meant to be one.

One evening he happened to be sober. He met a sad-faced girl. She was a very pretty girl, with yellow, fluffy hair and tender black eyes. She told her story to Jack. He pitied her. Her name was Teen, and she told Jack she'd been baptized.

"I was n't," said Jack. "I roared so they dars'n't do it! I was an awful baby."

"I should think likely," said Teen. "Do you set much by your mother?"

"She's dead," said Jack, in a trembling voice. When he looked at Teen the tears were in her eyes. "Why, Teen?"

"I a'n't good company to-night. Leave me; I'll go home by myself."

"No, I won't leave you!" cried Jack, a sudden purpose lighting up his soul. "I'll never leave ye; I'll marry ye! What do you say to that, Teen?"

Teen looked up into Jack's handsome face. "Jack, dear, I a'n't fit for you." Teen sighed.

"Do n't cry about it, Teen. You need n't have me if you don't want to."

"But I do want to, Jack."

"Honest? Will you make me a good wife, Teen?"

"I'll try."

"Will you swear to me by the 'Rock of Ages'?"

"What's that?"

"It's a hymn my mother used to sing. Will you, Teen?"

"Oh, yes, I'll do it. Where can we find one?"

"We'll try."

So they started out in the great city to find the "Rock of Ages." They chanced at last upon a place known as Mother Mary's meeting. They went in and stood staring around. Mother Mary crossed over to them.

"We've come to find the 'Rock of Ages.'" He laid Teen's hand in Mother Mary's. "I'm going to marry her. I want her to swear by something holy she'll be a good wife to me. We've been huntin' all over town for the 'Rock of Ages.' My mother used to sing it; she's dead."

Mother Mary began the old hymn, and all the people swelled the chorus,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power."

Jack tried to sing, but Teen hid her face and cried.

"Thou can'st save, and Thou alone,"

sang the people.

"Swear by that you'll be a good wife to me."

"I swear I'll be a true wife to you."

Mother Mary's husband married them, and the hymn was the wedding march.

Jack did not drink for a long time. He rented a little cottage, and felt proud and happy to have a home of his own. Teen was very happy, but it did not last. Jack took to his old ways, and his wife to the tears they bring.

* * * * *

One night, after a voyage, Jack stepped on the wharf clean and sober. He thought he would buy something for Teen. Suddenly he caught her name. It may have been said by accident. God knows. It did the deed. With head bent and clinched hands he rushed into the first open door. He drank for hours, and reeled home.

Teen was sitting, pale and pretty, in an easy chair, a cradle by her side, with Baby Jack only a few weeks old. She held out her arms, and said softly, "Dear Jack!"

He struck her.

"Own up ye've played me false! Stand up."

She looked up into his face and smiled.

"Dear Jack, I've loved you. I have been an honest wife."

"I'll teach ye to be the talk of the wharves! Stand up, I say."

She tottered up.

"I swear on the 'Rock of Ages' I have been an honest wife, and there's none on earth or heaven can say I have n't. Jack, dear, ye'll be so sorry. Oh! not the pistol!"

He struck her down, and then he stupidly remembered she spoke of the baby. A child waked and cried.

"Teen, the baby's crying," he said, as he stumbled out in the open air. When he came to himself he was in a fishing vessel. He fished desperately. He made money. One day he suddenly said to a mate, "Rowe, look there! See! A woman yonder in the water!"

"Nonsense! Jack. I can't see nothin'."

"I tell you there's a woman with yellow hair coming this way. My God! it's my wife! it's Teen! Heaven save me! I'll never drink another drop. Oh, Teen! did I hurt ye, dear?"

* * * * *

“Jack,” said Rowe, “there’s a warrant after ye, and the sheriff’s on the tug between us and the wharf.”

“What have I done, old boy?”

“You’ve killed somebody.”

“Killed somebody?”

“Yes.”

“I hope Teen won’t know. I say, who was it?”

“You’ve killed your wife! You murdered her! She’s dead!”

Jack sprang up the gangway. Then he stopped.

“Boys, I bide my account this time.”

He turned away. Presently there started a strong, sweet voice. It was Jack’s,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

“When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on Thy judgment throne.”

Suddenly he leaped. His right hand pointed to heaven. The waters rushed to greet him as he went down, and then closed over him with a murmur that seemed to say,—

“Thou can’st save, and Thou alone.”

—*E. S. Phelps.*

A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.



MRS. O'SHEA SEES HAMLET.

HER IMPRESSIONS OF THE GHOST AND THE PLAY.

The top o' the marning to ye, Mrs. McAllister. Faith an' its glad I am to see ye, for I know ye are dying to hear about me visit to the thayeter lasht evening. There wuz a big crowd o' payple at the doore, an' we wuz nearly crushed before we got in, an' me new bunnet wuz pulled half off uv me head. We walked up six pair o' stairs, for Pat said it was more iristocratic up theer than in the lower sates. The whole thayeter wuz varry bootiful indade, ma'am, all goold an' silver an' dimonds. I wuz a staring aroun' the place, when I saw a big curtin on the end begin to roll up, an' I could see

right out of doors. Putty soon, as I 'm a good Christian woman, Mrs. McAllister, what do you suppose walked along? A big ghost! niver a thing else, the saints presarve us! I giv one schrame—ye might a heered me up to Rocksberry—an' I shtarted to lave the place, but Patrick grabbed holt o' me an' hilt me onter the cheer. "Murder an' 'ounz," I hollered, "do ye want me kilt be a ghost? Sure I am scairt to death, an' if he opens his mouth I'll drap dead!" While I wuz shakin' an' gettin' the spiral maginnis in me lift side, who should ketch holt o' me arrum but that desateful villin, Perliceman Maguire. "Ye must kape quiet, madam," says he, "or lave the thayeter; ye are dishturbin the orjiance." "I think they could hear varry well," I says, lookin' around, "if that red-headed, cross-eyed perliceman would shut his mouth." As sure as ye live, the whole crowd wuz laughin' at Teddy fit to die, an' his face turned the color of his mustache.

The ghost was gone before this, that the soger and the fellers were talkin' about, whin all at wance back it kem agin; upon me sowl I wuz all uv a thrimble jist to look at the craytur. Divil a worrd did he shpake at all at all, but stalked along like ghostesses do, wid a shtick in his hand. In a little while the curtin kem down an' me breath kem back.

"Now will yez till me," I says to Pat, "phat the divil all that business is about?"

"If ye'll listen to the play an' not kape yellin' and skreetchin', ye'll find out that it's about a woman who killed off her first husband an' married another, an' the ghost of him comes prowlin' round to see how things is gettin' on."

"Do ye mane to insinuate that I killed Tim Calligan?" says I, sthandin up an' puttin' me elbows out wid me two hands rehstin on me hips like this. "The Lord knows he wuz tin times as dacent as any uv the O'Sheas!" "I wish he wuz alive now, thin," said that miserable Pat. "Faith, if he wuz," says I, "he'd thrash ye widin an inch o' yer life. Wish he wuz alive, do ye? Shure he wuz n't cowl'd in his grave when ye kem round wid yer blarney; sorra the day I listened to ye!" I wuz about to take a handful o' hair out o' Pat's head, when the most illigant perliceman ye ever saw, wid curly hair and shwate eyes, shpoke till me. "The nixt act is about to begin," says he, "an' if ye could postpone yer family discussions till the curtain drops agin," says he, "ye would greatly oblige me, Mrs.

O'Shea," says he. "Faith an' if it's to obleege a rale gentleman like yerself, I will," I says. The curtain riz, an' there wuz twinty payple shtandin' around dressed illigantly. Pat whispered 't wuz the king an' quane. Wan young feller seemed varry sad, an' had on full mournin', the natest I ever saw an' me five years a widdy. "Who's that feller in mournin' fer?" I says to Pat. "His father," whispered O'Shea. "Who wuz his father?" says I. "The ghost—kape quiet!" says Pat.

When I looked agin, the young feller in black wuz alone, but sum of the men what saw the ghost, kem in and told him about it. He was all of a thremble, an' nothin' wud do but he must go out the nixt night an' see if the ghost wud come agin. Well, the nixt thing the room seemed to go away, an' there was the mournin' feller waitin' for the ghost. I med up me mind not to schrame, but whin the ould sphook kem movhin' along, I had to put me two hands over me mouth. Thin the ghost's son says, "Arrah," says he, "vy the divil air ye walkin' round instid o' layin' quiet and paceable in the cimetry, where we put ye? A'n't ye contint wid wan o' the most expinsive grave-stuns in the country, widout bustin out an' chasin' up an' down the alley, scarin' the life out uv us?" Thin the ghost motioned wid his shtick for 'im to foller. The men grabbed him, but he shpoke up dacent to the ghost, "I'll foller ye," says he, "an' if any thinks he can shtop me I'll make him into a sphook in four siconds." "Bully for ye," says I, out loud: jist then the ghost began to shpake. "Kape yer ears open to phat I'm tellin' ye," says he, in a vice like the rumblin of a horse car, "for I must git back to the place all brimstone an' fire, where I'm at prisent sphending me time to make up for the divilties I did before I kem. If I wuz to tell what kind uv a picnie we have down there," says he, "'t would sind plows an' harrows over yer sowl, turn yer blud ter ice, an' make yer hair schtick up like squills on a parkypine." "What's ailin' uv ye?" says the feller in mournin'. "I'll tell ye," says the shpook. "I wuz kilt by that baste of a brother, who is now king an' yer mother's husband." The thayeter wuz still as a church, an' the young feller wuz a sight to see as he begun to ketch on to the racket. "Yis," says the ghost, "yer uncle is the feller that did the business for me, an' I think it showed schmall judgment in yer mother to marry a murd'rin villin like him whin she'd jist lost so dacent a man as myself.

“They turned pizen into me ears whin I wuz schlapin’ in me back yard, an’ off I went widout sayin’ a praste or havin’ a chance to ordher a mass fer me sowl. If ye ’re the b’y I take ye fer, ye ’ll make it hot fer yer uncle, an’ I carn’t rest quiet in the warrum climate I ’m residin’ in till ye do.” The sphook thin walked off, an’ the b’y made em swear they would n’t tell, bekase he wanted to catch his ould blaggard of an’ uncle whin he was onsushpictin, do ye moind : thin the curtain kem down. “How do ye like the play?” says Patsy. “Does n’t it make ye blush fer yer sex, to think of a woman pizenin’ her husband to git another man?” “Ye’d bether be careful yerself, O’Shea,” says I, “or the ghost of Tim Calligan will be walkin’ about yer bed sum night. Pizenin’ a man is wan thing, an’ kapin’ him underground is another.” It’s a long shtory I ’m tellin’, an’ sure I can’t remember half, but the ould sphalpeen went into the pizen business agin ; he put some on the swords an’ inter the wine. The quane drank the wine, the fellers struck with the swords, an’ the ghost’s b’y, seein’ through the game, shtabbed his uncle. In two minutes they wuz all dead—an’ uv course that wuz the last uv it—



CLEOPATRA.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets ;

They bar with a purple stain

My arms ; turn over my pillows,—

They are hot where I have lain ;

Open the lattice wider,

A gauze o’er my bosom throw,

And let me inhale the odors

That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,

And in his arms I lay ;

Ah me ! the vision has vanished,—

The music has died away.

The flame and the perfume have perished—

As this spiced aromatic pastille

That wound the blue smoke of its odor

Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
O for a storm and thunder,
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it! •
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark to my Indian beauty!—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings;
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!

O cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly, tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain,
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his neck in twain!

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the Tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring
As the shadows of night came on
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone:
Then I roused and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet

My curving claws, and stretched me,
 And wandered my mate to greet.
 We toyed in the amber moonlight
 Upon the warm flat sand,
 And struck at each other our massive arms—
 How powerful he was, and grand!
 His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
 As he crouched and gazed at me,
 And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
 Twitched curving nervously.
 Then like a storm he seized me
 With a wild, triumphant cry;
 And we met as two clouds in heaven
 When the thunders before them fly.

Often another suitor—
 For I was flexile and fair—
 Fought for me in the moonlight,
 While I lay crouching there,
 Till his blood was drained by the desert,
 And, ruffled with triumph and power,
 He licked me, and lay beside me
 To breathe him a vast half-hour;

That was a life to live for!
 Not this weak human life,
 With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
 Its poor and petty strife!
 Come to my arms, my hero!
 The shadows of twilight grow,
 And the tiger's ancient fierceness
 In my veins begins to flow.
 Come not cringing to sue me!
 Take me with triumph and power,
 As a warrior storms a fortress!
 I will not shrink, or cower.
 Come as you came in the desert,
 Ere we were women and men,
 When the tiger passions were in us,
 And love as you loved me then!

—William W. Story.

HOW GRANDMA DANCED.

Grandma told me all about it,—
Told me so I could n't doubt it,—
How she danced—my grandma danced—

Long ago ;

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose !

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheek, too—ah, how funny !
Really, quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her ! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day ; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet,

Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
(Every girl was taught to knit

Long ago) ;

Yet her figure is so neat,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,

Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk,

Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place ;
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,

Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
 Grandma says ; but boys were charming—
 Girls and boys I mean, of course—

Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
 What if all of us should try
 Just to feel like those who met
 In their graceful minuet,
 Long ago ?

With the minuet in fashion,
 Who could fly into a passion?
 All would wear the calm they wore

Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance
 Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
 I should really like to say
 "We did, dear, in some such way,
 Long ago."

—*Daughters of America.*

THE KING'S FAVORITE.

Far in the bright East, so the story says,
 There lived a fair slave once who loved a king;
 Who followed soft, like music on his ways,
 And at his feet cast many an offering.
 And he, the king, was gracious. For a while
 Honors he heaped upon that loving one,
 Till a new favorite charmed him; then his smile
 Faded, and left the heart shorn of its sun.
 Nay, more! Grown weary of beholding near
 The face of her who all too freely gave,
 He cried unto her suddenly, "One dear
 And precious gift hast thou withheld, O slave."
 "Name it, O master," answered she full low,
 "For love hath left me beggared." Then straightway,

Smiling, he asked, "Wilt thou yield life and go
For love of me among the dead to-day?"
"For love of thee," she whispered, "yea, O king :
Since lesser gifts I gave thee, now shall I
Refuse thy heart this royal offering?
Happy thy slave is at thy feet to die."
Then flashed the swift blade downward—but, meanwhile,
The king's new favorite had forgot to smile !

So runs the story of old days. And now
While we sit here, and heaven shines blue above,
My heart has its misgivings, and somehow
I think of her whom once you used to love.
You tell me you forget her ; but, alas !
Hers was a noble nature to forego
All life held dear. To die, and let you pass
Free in the sun, because she loved you so.
And yet, despite of this, you laugh and jest,
And breathe the old vows over unto me,
Her rival—yea, for whom at your behest
She passed into the great immensity.
She is avenged ; for, knowing what I do,
Life's sweetest joys are poisoned. When you speak,
Or wake the music of lost days anew,
Whisper soft speeches, kiss my fevered cheek,
I do recall her history—and meanwhile,
Like the king's favorite, I forget to smile.

—*Elvira S. Miller.*

THE CHARIOT RACE.

[FROM BEN HUR.]

The trumpet sounded short and sharp. The gate-keepers threw the stalls open. First came the mounted attendants of the chariot-eers, five in all, Ben Hur having rejected the service. The chalk line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. The gate-keepers called their men. Instantly the ushers on the balcony

waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength,—“Down! Down!”

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage rose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. The competitors were now under full view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make successfully the chalk line.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. Quick the eye, steady the hand, and unerring the judgment required.

The competitors have started, each on the shortest line, for the position near the wall. The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter blew vigorously a signal. The judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

“Jove with us! Jove with us!” yelled all the Roman faction in a frenzy of delight.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

“A hundred sestertii on the Jew!” cried Sanballat.

“Taken!” answered Drusus.

Ben Hur was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman.

The race was on, the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads. When the race began Ben Hur was on the extreme left of the six. When not half way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision and the rope fell, give him the wall.

The rope fell, and all the fours but Ben Hur's sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. Ben Hur drew to the right, and darted across the trails of his opponents, swept around and took the course on the outside, neck and neck with Messala. The two neared the second goal. Viewed from the west, was a

stone wall in the form of a half-circle. A successful turn at this point was the most telling test of the charioteer. A hush fell over all the circus. At this critical moment, Messala, whirling his lash with practised hand, caught the Arabs of Ben Hur a cut the like of which they had never known, simultaneously shouting,—“Down, Eros! up, Mars!”

Involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the spectators.

Forward sprang the affrighted Arabs as with one impulse, and forward leaped the ear. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love.

Where obtained Ben Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea! And what was the spring of the floor under his feet, to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which, in old times, the trembling ship yielded to the beat of the staggering billows, drunk with power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and, calling to them in soothing voice, tried merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. On approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala.

Gradually the speed had been quickened; gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near. Messala throws loose the rein, while Ben Hur throws all his weight on the bits. One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablature, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand. “Ben Hur!” “Ben Hur!” shout the throng. “Speed thee, Jew! Take the wall now—now or never!” At the second goal there was still no change.

And now to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left hand steeds. On the three pillars, only six hundred feet away, were fame, increase of fortune, and a triumph ineffably sweet by hate, all in store for him.

Ben Hur leaned over his Arabs and gave them the reins. Out flew the many folded lash in his hand, and over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed, again and again; though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly, not one, but this four as one, answered

with a leap that launched them along side the Roman's car. The four were close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car. He turned to the left, and, with the iron-shod point of his axle crushed the wheel of Messala. A loud crash sent a thrill through the circus.

Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as the axle hit the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched headlong forward.

The people arose, leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed, but far the greater number followed the career of Ben Hur, whose maddening energy of action had so suddenly inspired his Arabs, and so unexpectedly vanquished his enemy. The thousands on the benches had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which he had been able to overthrow Messala, but they had seen the transformation of the man, and above the noises of the race they had heard one voice, and that Ben Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the Sheik himself, he had called to the Arabs:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear them singing in the tents—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, and Victory!" Ben Hur turned the first goal and won the race.

—*Lew Wallace.*

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow—set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle—answer, echoes,
Dying—dying—dying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going:
Oh! sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow—let us hear the purple glens replying ;
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes,
 Dying—dying—dying.

Oh, love ! they die in yon rich sky ;
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And live forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow—set the wild echoes flying ;
 And answer, echoes, answer,
 Dying—dying—dying.

THE FAMINE.

O the long and dreary winter !
 O the cold and cruel winter !
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
 Fell the covering snow, and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.
 Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage :
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,
 In the snow beheld no footprints :
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest,
 Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
 Perished there from cold and hunger.
 O the famine and the fever !
 O the wailing of the children !
 O the anguish of the women !
 Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests as silent
 As the ghosts were.
 And the foremost said,—“ Behold me !
 I am Famine, Bukadawin ! ”
 And the other said,—“ Behold me !
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin ! ”

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha :

“Gitche Manito, the Mighty!
Give your children food, O father!
Give me food for Minnehaha:
For my dying Minnehaha!”

Through that far-resounding forest
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands
“Minnehaha! Minnehaha!”

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
“Hark!” she said; “I hear a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!”
“No, my child,” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the night-wind in the pine trees.”
“Ah!” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Heard the sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness
“Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

Over snowfields, waste and pathless,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha.
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying cold and dead before him,
And his bursting heart within him,
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!
Farewell! O my Laughing Water.
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hergafter!”

MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.

A great mastery—like that of Wellington or Bismarck—is not so common in the world as to excite no surprise. True mastery is compact of supreme qualities. It is heroism; it is culture; it is enthusiasm; it is faith; it is intelligence; it is endurance; it is unconquerable will. There are men of conviction whose very faces will light up an era. And there are noble women in whose eyes you may almost read the whole plan of salvation.

Insight, foresight, and knowledge are what the world demands of a great leader—men who have power to transmute calamity into greatness. To a real commander, nothing exists which cannot be overcome. “Sir,” said Mirabeau’s secretary, “what you require is impossible.” “Impossible!” cried Mirabeau. “Never name to me again that blockhead of a word.”

If any man was ever master of the situation, from his boundless knowledge, abundant language, instantaneous apprehension, and undaunted speech, it was Edmund Burke. The vastness of his attainments and the immensity of his varied powers startled his great contemporaries into admiration. Goldsmith, Windham, Pitt, and others have left on record eloquent testimony to the superiority

of Burke's genius, and the striking fact that he was the best informed man of his time. Did this great statesman lounge carelessly into all this reputation? Did he rely solely upon his genius to bring him into parliament, to continue that long and brilliant career which is part of English history? Never for a moment did he trust to his genius. See him at the top of his high fame, elaborating every speech, every sentence he wrote, with the most studious care—studious and exhaustive care.

All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. In nine cases out of ten, failure is born of unfaith. There is a faith so expansive and a hope so elastic that a man having them will keep on believing and hoping till all danger is past and victory is sure. Such a man was Cyrus Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting a communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country. It was a long, hard struggle. Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil were his. Think what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy. He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic. And when everything looked darkest for his enterprise, his courage never flagged for an instant. Think of him in those gloomy periods, pacing the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, in mid-ocean, or wandering in the desolate forests of Newfoundland in pelting rains, comfortless and forlorn. Public excitement had grown wild over the mysterious workings of those flashing wires. And when the first cable ceased to throb, the reaction was intense. Stockholders and the public grew exasperated and suspicious; unbelievers sneered at the whole project, and called the telegraph a stupendous hoax. At last day dawned again, and another cable was paid out. Twelve hundred miles of it was laid down, and the ship was just lifting her head to a stiff breeze, when, without a moment's warning, the cable suddenly snapped short off and plunged into the sea. Field returned to England defeated. But his energy was even greater than before. In five months, by the blessing of heaven, another cable was stretched from continent to continent.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten search in four ships for the lost cable. In the bow of one of these ships stood Cyrus Field, day and night, in storm and fog, in squall and calm, intently watching the quiver of the grapnel that was dragging two miles down on the bottom of the deep. The spirit of this brave man was rewarded.

All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and on the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to see it, feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then they carried it along to the electrician's room to see if the long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Some turned away and wept, others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from ship to ship, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea.

With thankful hearts they turned their faces again to the west; but soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours they were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale a flash of light, which having crossed to Ireland returned to them in mid-ocean, told them that the friends whom they had left behind on the banks of the Hudson were well, and following them with their wishes and their prayers. This was like the whisper of God from the sea, bidding them keep heart and hope.

And now, after all those thirteen years of almost superhuman struggle, and that one moment of almost superhuman victory, we may safely include Cyrus W. Field among the masters of the situation.

—*James T. Field.*

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer.
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime:
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

“In deeds of love excel! excel!”
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
“This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;

Its forms and sacred rights revere ;
 Come, worship here ! come, worship here !
 In rituals and faith excel ! ”
 Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

“ Oh ! heed the ancient landmarks well ! ”
 In solemn tones exclaimed a bell.
 “ No progress made by mortal man
 Can change the just, eternal plan.
 With God there can be nothing new ;
 Ignore the false, embrace the true,
 While, all is well ! is well ! is well ! ”
 Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

“ Oh, swell ! ye purifying waters, swell ! ”
 In mellow tones rang out a bell.
 “ Though faith alone in Christ can save,
 Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
 To show the world unfaltering faith
 Is what the Sacred Scriptures saith.
 Oh, swell ! ye rising waters, swell ! ”
 Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

“ To all the truth we tell ! we tell ! ”
 Shouted in ecstasies a bell.
 “ Come, all ye weary wanderers, see !
 Our Lord has made salvation free !
 Repent, believe, have faith, and then
 Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen !
 Salvation’s free, we tell ! we tell ! ”
 Shouted the Methodistic bell.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging o’er briar and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—
 Whirr—whirr—whirr,

Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
Chee—chee—chee.
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee—chee—chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
Whirr—whirr—whirr,
Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
Chee—chee—chee.
Look ! what a nice, new coat is mine ;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee—chee—chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple—a pretty sight—
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,—
Whirr—whirr—whirr,
Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
Chee—chee—chee.
Nice good wife that never goes out ;
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee—chee—chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Whirr—whirr—whirr,
Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
Chee—chee—chee.
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee—chee—chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and modest, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the nest while her husband sings,—
 Whirr—whirr—whirr,
 Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
 Chee—chee—chee.
 Brood, kind creature ! you need not fear
 Thieves or robbers while I am here.
 Chee—chee—chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
 One weak whirr is her only note.
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat,—
 Whirr—whirr—whirr,
 Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
 Chee—chee—chee.
 Never was I afraid of man ;
 Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can.
 Whirr—chee—chee—chee.

Robert of Lincoln at last is made
 Sober with work, and silent with care.
 Off are his holiday garments laid ;
 Half forgotten the merry air,—
 Whirr—whirr—whirr,
 Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
 Chee—chee—chee.
 No one knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and nestlings lie.
 Chee—chee—chee.

Summer wanes—the children are grown—
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,—
 Whirr—whirr—whirr,

Bobolink—bobolink—spink—spank—spink,
 Chee—chee—chee.

When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Whirr—chee—chee—chee.

A RAJPUT NURSE.

OROTUND. ELEMENTS—GRANDEUR, COURAGE, TRAGIC.

Edwin Arnold, the author of the well known "Light of Asia," and editor of the *London Daily Telegraph*, contributes the following touching poem :

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo, under the tamarind tree?
 With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to
 see?
 Was he holy Brahmin, or Gogi, or a king of the Rajput line,
 Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of this beautiful
 shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all
 the Poor!

It was not for holy Brahmin they carved that delicate door,
 Nor for Gogi, nor Rajput Rana, did they build this gem of our
 land,
 But to tell of a Rajput woman, as long as the stones should stand!

"Her name was Môti, the pearl-name! 'Twas far in the ancient
 times,
 But her moonlight face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in
 our rhymes;
 And because she was young and comely, and of good repute, and
 had laid
 A babe in the arms of her husband, the Palace Nurse she was
 made.

“For the sweet chief Queen of our Rana in Jaypore city had died,

Leaving a motherless infant, the heir of that House of Pride,
The Heir of the Peacock—banner of the Shield of Gold of the Throne,

Which traces its record of glory to years when it stood alone ;

“To ages when, from the Sunlight the first of our kings came down,

And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,

As all good Rajputs have told us,—so Môtî was proud and true,
With the Prince of the Land on her bosom, and her own brown baby, too !

“And the Rajput women will have it—I know not, myself, of these things—

As the two babes lay in her bosom—her lord’s, and the Jaypore King’s—

So leal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part !

“It would not drink at the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill ;

It would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still ;

And it lay at night with its small arms clasped ’round the Rana’s child,

As if those hands of the rose-leaf could guard him from treason wild.

“For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought

The life of the heir of the Gadi : to the palace in secret brought,
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they found their way

Through the fence of the guards, and the gate-ways, to the hall where the women lay.

“There Môti, the Foster-Mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her knees, and the King’s son held to her
breast;

And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal-skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song:—when, Saheb! there hurried in

“A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face,
‘Oh, Môti! men come to murder my Lord, the Prince, in this
place!

They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them
unawares.

Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars that clatter upon the
stairs!’

“For one breath she caught up her baby from her knee to her
heart, and let

The King’s child sink from her bosom, with lips still clinging and
wet;

Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls
from his waist,

And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in
haste!

“And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King’s
son wore;

While close to her heart—which was breaking—she folded the
Rajah’s joy;

And, even as the murderers lifted the purdah, she fled with his boy!

“But there (as they deemed), in his jewels, lay the chota—Rana
the heir!

‘The cow with two calves has escaped us!’ one cried; ‘it is right
and fair

She shall save her own butcha!* no matter! the edge of a Katar†
ends

This spark of Lord Raghoba’s sunlight! stab thrice and four times,
oh friends!’

* Little one.

† A dagger.

"And the Rajput women will have it—I know not if this can be so!—

That Môti's son in the putta and golden cap crooned low
When the sharp blades pierced to his small heart, with never a
moan or wince,

But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince!

"Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line of our kings!"
"Oh! Vittoo," I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful
things;

And garments and land for her people, and a home in the Palace.
May be

She had grown to love the princeling even more than the child on
her knee."

"May it please the presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so;
they gave

The gold, and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest
should have;

But the same night, deep in her bosom she buried a knife, and
smiled,

Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my
child!' "

NAPOLEON'S OVERTHROW.

[ARRANGED FROM LES MISERABLES BY SARAH NEAL HARRIS.]

On the morning of Waterloo. Napoleon was satisfied. He was right; the plan of battle which he had conceived was indeed admirable.

Napoleon was accustomed to look upon war fixedly; he never made figure by figure the tedious addition of details; the figures mattered little to him, provided they gave this total: Victory. He treated Destiny as an equal treats an equal. He appeared to say to Fate: "Thou wouldst not dare."

About four o'clock the English line staggered backwards. All at once only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau; the rest disappeared. The battle-front of the English was slipping away. Wellington gave ground. "Beginning retreat!" cried Napoleon.

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. The emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignes and destroyed—that was the final overthrow of England by France. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The emperor, then, contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battle-field. His guard, standing behind with grounded arms, looked up to him with a sort of religion. He was reflecting; he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye-field, the foot-path; he seemed to count every bush.

He bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous. The emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the emperor's order. Ney drew his sword, and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable.

There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with grey moustaches, crying, *Vive l'Empereur!*

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanage-

able, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch, a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, throw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the 'Dubois brigade sank into this abyss.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer, No. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God.

For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced.

It was time that this vast man should fall. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations, in the moral order as well as in the material, depend, began to murmur. Reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moanings from the deeps, which the heavens hear. Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

—*Victor Hugo.*

SPICE-BOX SKETCHES.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping

As of some one gently rapping,—rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember; it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow.—sorrow for the lost Lenore.
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named "Lenore,"
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,—

"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to reason why,

For sorra a bit I knew what was comin', when me missus walked
into the kitchen and says, kinder scared like,—“Here's Fing Wing,
Kitty, and ye have too much sinse to mind his bein' a thrifle
sthrange;” an' wid that she shoots the dure. And I, mistrustin' if
I was tidied up sufficient for me foine bye, wid his paper collars,
looks, an'—may I niver bratthe another brith! but there stood a rale
haythen Chineser, a griunnin' like he jist come off a tay-box! and
oh! the haythen! wid divil a smitch o' whisker, and his head shaved
el'aner nor a copper b'iler, an' a old black ni'-gown over his
throusers, and wid a long tail hangin' down behint, and wid his fate
stook into the haythenist shoes you iver set eyes on, an' wid his two
eyes cocked oup like two poomp-handles on

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
Take her up tenderly,

And now, says Darius, "Hooray for some fun!"
 "A'n't goin' to see the celebration?"
 Says brother Nate, "No! botheration!
 I've got sich a toothache, my gracious, I
 Feel 's if I should fly!"
 Said Jotham,—"Sho!
 Guess you'd better go."
 But Darius said "No; should n't wonder
 If you'd see me, though,
 Long about noon, 'f I get red-
 O' this thumpin', jumpin' pain in my head."
 But all the while to himself he said,—
 "I'll tell ye what:
 I'll fly a few times 'round the lot,
 To see haow it seems;
 Then, as soon as I get the hang o' the thing,
 I'll astonish the nation and all creation
 By flying over the celebration:
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle,
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea gull,
 I'll dance on the chimbls and fly upon the steeple,
 I'll flop up to the windows and scare the people,
 I'll light on the liberty-pole and crow,
 And I'll say to the gaping fools below,—

"Want to see the wheels go wound!" But I exclaimed, holding the watch, "You may look at it!" "Want to see the wheels go wound!" "I will not open the watch ——" "Want to see the wheels go wound!"

O Lord! oh, dear! my heart will break;
 I shall go stick, stark, staring mad!
 Has any on ye seen anything about the street
 Like a crying, lost-looking child?
 O Lord! one does not feel till
 He hears

The loud alarm bells,
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror now
 Their turbulency tells:

In the startled ear of night, how they scream out their affright;
 Too much terrified to speak, they can only shriek, shriek
 Out of tune!

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,—
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,—
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire, and a resolute endeavor

Now, now to sit or never
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh! the bells! bells! bells!
 What a tale their terror tells

Of despair.

Yet the ear distinctly tells
 By the twanging and the clanging
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling

In the anger of the bells—of the bells! bells! bells! bells! bells! bells! bells!

OLD FRIENDS.

[ARRANGED BY SARAH NEAL HARRIS.]

To be, or not to be; that is the question:
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings of arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wishe'd. To die,—to sleep:—
 To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there 's the rub!

For, by scholly, I did n't tink I could go in a parrel pefore. But dare I vas, tight shtuck. Now I never vas ferre pig up and down, but vas pooty pig all de vay round de middle Ven I found I could n't move effery vay, I called, "Katrina! Katrina!" Ven she come and find me wit my fest pushed vay up under my arm-holes, she lay down an' laughed an' laughed like she would shplit herself, till I vas so mad I said, "Vot you lay there like a ould fool, hey? And she said,—"Sockery,

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance

Of peek-a-bo, peek-a-bo,
Come from behind that chair.
Peek-a-bo, peek-a-bo.
I see you hiding there.

Oh my hearers! man claims to be the superior of woman. Is it so? And if so, in what, and how much? Was he the first creation? He was, my hearers; but what does that prove? It proves simply that the experience gained in making man was applied to the making of a more finer being, of whom I am the example. Man claims that Eve was the cause of his expulsion from paradise. It is true, it is too true, my sisters; but that only shows her goodness, for if Adam had plucked the apple, he would have eaten it all himself, had it been a good one.

Yath, now I rekimember. I—I—I— wath walking on the ethsplanade when I—I—I shee a—a—feller an'—an'—a Newfoundland dog. An'—an'—he inspired me to make a—a—widdle—the dog, not the feller; he—he—he—wath a lunatic. I—I—I—do n't mind telling you this widdle; it ith putty good. Wa—why doth a dog waggle its tail? You—you—give it up? I—I—I—guess most of the fellers will give that up. We—we—well, you see a dog waggles its tail because the dog is stronger than the tail. If—if it was n't so, tho', ith tail would waggle the dog. Yath, that's what I call—

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,
I know what it is to be wanting a meal;
My tatters and rags I try to conceal,
I belong to the shabby genteel

For, bedad, when I had my good-looking pictur took, ould Pickey-bones tuck me by the shoulder and twisted me down into a chair, and then wid me face between his ugly smelling, datty hands,—och! the colour of a nager!—he gave me head a twist, and elapped a grappling-iron until the back of me, and fell a screwing and a screwing, until—may the divil secure me!—I was in a violent thremble. But no sooner had he gone into the little room

beyant there, then I outs of me seat and 'round to look into the little box, to see if he had any murderous weapons to fire off on me in an unguarded moment; but divil a ha'p'wort' could see for an ould black rag that hung over the front of it. And, gist as I reached 'round to grab off the old rag,

A light on Marmion's vision fell,
And fired his glazing eye;
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted,—

I'm a dude! a dandy dude! You can see by my coat I'm in fashion. See my hair, it's all there; for hair-oil I have a great passion. Neck-tie very crushed strawberry, and I feed on canary-bird food; diamonds wear, bang my hair,—I'm a dashing, a dandy young dude.

THE HERO OF THE TOWER.

Long time ago, when Austria was young,
There came a herald to Vienna's gates,
Bidding the city fling them open wide
Upon a certain day; for then the king
Would enter, with his shining retinue.

Forthwith the busy streets were pleasure-paths,
And that which seemed but now a field of toil,
Flashed into gardens blooming full of flowers.
Beauty blushed deeper, now the rising sun
Of royalty upon it was to shine;

And thus he spoke: "For fifty years or more
I have been sexton of St. Joseph's church,
And no procession in the fifty years
Has marched the streets with aught like kingly tread,
But on the summit of St. Joseph's spire
I stood erect and waved a welcome flag.

And now I am old, the flag must not be missed
From the cathedral's summit. I 've no son,
Or he should bear the blame, or bear my curse.
I have a daughter—she shall wave the flag!
And this is how my girl shall wave the flag:
Ten suitors has she, and the valiant one
Who, strong of heart and will, can climb that perch,
And do what I so many times have done,
Shall take her hand from mine at his descent.
Speak up, Vienna's lads! and recollect
How much of loveliness faint heart e'er won."

Then there was clamor in the callow breasts
Of the Vienna youth; for she was far
The sweetest blossom of that city's vines.
But none spoke up, till Gabriel Petersheim,
Whose ear the proclamation strange had reached,
Came rushing through the crowd, and boldly said,—
"I am your daughter's suitor! and the one
She truly loves; but scarce can gain a smile
Until I win her father's heart as well.

And thus the old man answered: "Climb!
If senseful breeze should push you off your way,
And break that raw and somewhat worthless neck,
I cannot greatly mourn;—but climb your way!
And you shall have the girl if you succeed."

High on the giddy pinnacle, next day,
Waited the youth; but not till evening's sun
Marched from the western gate, that tardy king
Rode past the church. And though young Gabriel's nerves
Were weakened by fatigue and want of food,
He pleased the people's and the monarch's eye,
And flashed a deeper thrill of love through one
Who turned her sweet face often up to him,
And whose true heart stood with him on the tower.

Now when the kingly pageant all had passed,
He folded up the flag, and, with proud smiles
And prouder heart, prepared him to descend :
But the small trap-door through which he had crept
Had by some rival's hand been barred !
He shouted, but no answer came to him,—
Not even an echo on that lofty perch.
He waved his hand in mute entreaty, but
The darkness crept between him and his friends.

A million sweet-eyed stars
Gave smiles to his beseechings, but no help.
And so the long procession of the night
Marched slowly by, and each chill hour was hailed
By the great clock beneath, and still he clung.

He prayed again,
To his lost mother in the skies above ;—
And then he prayed to God. About that time
The maiden dreamed she saw her lover, faint,
Clinging for life ; and, with a scream, uprose,
And rushed to the old sexton's yielding door,—
Granting to him no peace until he ran
To find the truth, and give the boy release.
An hour ere sunrise he came feebly down,
Grasping the flag, and claiming his fair prize.

But the young maiden clasped his weary head
In her white arms, and soothed him like a child ;
And said,—“ You lived a life of woe for me
Upon the spire, and now look old enough
Even to please my father ; but soon I
Will nurse you back into your youth again.”
And soon the tower bells rung his wedding song ;—
The old young man was happy, and they both,
Cheered by the well earned bounty of the king,
Lived many years within Vienna's gates.

OH! HAD I KNOWN!

If I had thought so soon she would have died,
He said, I had been tenderer in my speech;
I had a moment lingered at her side,
And held her, ere she passed beyond my reach,
If I had thought so soon she would have died.

That day she looked up with her startled eyes,
Like some hurt creature where the woods are deep,
With kisses I had stilled those breaking sighs,—
With kisses closed those eyelids into sleep,—
That day she looked up with her startled eyes.

Oh! had I known she would have died so soon,
Love had not wasted on a barren land,—
Love like those rivers under torrid noon,
Lost on the desert, poured out on the sand,—
Oh! had I known she would have died so soon!

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

[ARRANGED FROM E. S. PHELPS, BY SARAH N. HARRIS.]

There were three persons in the car—a merchant, an old lady, and a man in the corner, with his hat pulled over his eyes. Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulder, and walked in.

“Hi! little Tommy Tucker plays for his supper,” shouted the young exquisite, lounging on the platform, in tan-colored coat and lavender kids. “Oh, kids, you’re there, are you? Well, I’d rather play for it than loaf for it,” said Tommy stoutly. The old lady smiled benignly; the man in the corner neither looked nor smiled. Nobody would have thought, to look at that man, that he was at that very moment deserting wife and children,—a man weak, unfortunate, and selfish as unfortunate people are apt to be. That was the amount of it. He hated the dreary, needy home. Once fairly rid of him, his wastings and failings, Annie would send the children

to school, and find ways to live. She had energy and invention, plenty of it, in her young, fresh days, before he came across her path to drag her down. Perhaps he should make a fortune, and come back to her, with a silk dress and servants, and make it all up. But if his ill luck went westward with him, she would forget him and be better off. So here he was, ticketed for Colorado, sitting here thinking about it. "H'm—'sleep! pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance in the corner. "Guess I'll wake him up." Tommy laid his cheek lovingly down on his little fiddle—you do n't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle—and struck up a gay, rollicking tune,

"I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner sat quite still: when it was over, he shrugged his shoulders. "When folks are asleep they do n't hist their shoulders, not as a general thing," observed Tommy. "I'll try another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow—the little fellow least of all—but he tried this:

"We've lived and loved together
Through many a changing year."

It was a new tune, and needed practice. "We've lived and loved together," played Tommy in a little plaintive wail. "We've lived and loved——" "Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. Against lonely signal-houses the water was splashing drearily, and playing monotonous bases to Tommy's wail. —"Through many changing years—Through many changing years." It was a nuisance, this playing on the train. What did the child mean by playing that? Harmon pushed up the window, fiercely venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way.

What was the boy about now? Not "Home, sweet home"? But that was what Tommy was about. "There's no place like home," played Tommy, "there's no place like home." There, in the lighted home, out on the flats, she was waiting now; she would put the baby down, and stand at the window with her hands raised to her face to shut out the light—watching—watching! Oh! the

long nights that she must stand watching, and the years. "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," played Tommy.

How about that cove in the corner, with his head lopped down on his arms? But that cove was awake now in every nerve. Tommy knew that, it being a part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes. Oh, the sweet loyal passion of the music! It would take worse playing than Tommy's to drown the music out of "Annie Laurie," as its strains rose above the noise of the train:

"T was there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, the man in the corner was thinking, this Annie of his own—why, she had been his own once, and he had loved her—how he had loved her! "Gave me her promise true," murmured the little fiddle—"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, and kept it, too—ah, how she had kept it! "Her face is as the fairest that e'er the sun shone on," suggested the little fiddle. That it should be darkened forever, and that he should do it,—he sitting here bound for Colorado! "And ne'er forget will I," murmured the little fiddle. He wondered if it were ever too late for a fellow to make a man of himself. "And she's all the world to me. And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die," sang the little fiddle triumphantly. Harmon shook himself and stood up. The train was slackening. It was about time for supper, so Tommy passed round his faded cap. The merchant threw him a penny. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth wide open. "Come here," said Harmon: Tommy shrank back afraid. "I tell you, boy, you don't know what you have done to-night." Tommy could n't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done, sir? well, I guess I waked you up." "That's it, you've waked me up; here, hold your cap." Harmon emptied his pocket into the faded cap, and shook it clear of paper and copper alike, and was off the train before Tommy could say "Jack Robinson." "My eyes!" gasped Tommy. "Methusalah! look-er-here! one, two, three,—that chap must have been crazy—that's it, crazy."

"He'll never know what he's done to-night, nor, please God, shall she."—She was standing at the window, as he had known she would, her hand raised to her face, her figure cut out against the

warm light of the room. He stood still a moment, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts.

The publican in the old story hardly entered the beautiful temple with more reverent steps than he his home that night.

SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY.

[ADAPTED.]

As we cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers, the past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in the quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whispers, and the sweet vows of eternal love, as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and trying, with brave words spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight, sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves: she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with

thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn by shells in the trenches by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief. Those heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine and the storm, each in the windowless place of rest.

Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

STREET CRIES.

LAMENT OF A DISTRACTED CITIZEN.

The Englishman's waked by the lark,
A-singing far up in the sky;
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,
Pitched fearfully high,
Like a lark in the sky,
Wakes me with a screech
Of "Horse red-dee-ec-eech!"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,
And then the street cackle begins:
Junk-man with cow-bells, and fish-man with horn,
And venders of brushes and pins,
And menders of tubs and of tins.
"Wash-tubs to mend!" "Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! who will deliverance send?
Hark! That girl is beginning her screech,—
"Horse——" "——tubs" "Ripe peach——"

Then there's "O-ranges," "Glass toputin,"
 And bagpipes, and peddlers, and shams;
 The hand-organizer is mixing his din
 With "Strawber——" "Nice sof' clams!"
 "Wash-tubs to mend," "Tin-ware to mend!"
 Oh, Heaven deliverance send!
 I'd swear, if it was n't a sin,
 By "——any woo-ood?" "Glass toputin!"

"Ice-cream!" I'm sure that you do!
 And madly the whole town is screaming,—
 "Pie-apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and "Blue-
 Berries!" with "Hot corn all steaming!"
 "Umbrell's to mend!"—My head to mend!
 How swiftly I'd like to send
 To—somewhere—this rackety crew,
 That keep such a cry and a hue
 Of "Hot——" "Wash-tubs!" and "Pop-
 Corn-balls!"—Oh! corn-bawler, stop!

From morning till night the street's full of hawkers
 Of "North River shad!" and "Ba-nan-i-yoes!"
 Of men and women and little girl squawkers—
 "Ole hats and boots! Ole clo'es!"
 "Times, Tribune, and Worruld!"
 "'Ere's yer mornin' 'Erald!"
 What a confounded din
 Of "Horse red"—— "——toputin"
 "Ripe——" "Oysters," and "Potatoes"——"to mend"
 Till the watchman's late whistle comes in at the end.

—*Edward Eggleston.*

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you who

think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle. Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty. This man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe; and with it he conquered—what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of—what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased by two hundred years of slavery, unable to speak a dialect intelligible to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at—what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years,—and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right;—and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon ; but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell ; but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington ; but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

BACK FROM THE WAR.

I never realized what the country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the army and navy. It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back, and marched in review before the president's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we

stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose manes were intertwined with roses and necks enchained with garlands, fractions at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white standing on the steps of the capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying “Huzza! Huzza!” Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon-wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen, and miners from the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg—in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come;—but, no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets, caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But, hush—uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all Millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

—*Talmage.*

CONEMAUGH.

“Fly to the mountain! Fly!”
Terribly rang the cry.
The electric soul of the wire
Quivered like sentient fire.
The soul of the woman who stood
Face to face with the flood,
Answered to the shock
Like the eternal rock.
For she stayed
With her hand on the wire,
Unafraid,
Flashing the wild word down
Into the lower town.
Is there a lower yet and another!
Into the valley she and none other
Can hurl the warning cry,
“Fly to the mountain! Fly!”
The water from Conemaugh
Has opened its awful jaw.
The dam is wide
On the mountain side!”

“Fly for your life! oh, fly!”
They said.
She lifted her noble head—
“I can stay at my post, and die.”

Face to face with duty and death,
Dear is the drawing of human breath.
“Steady, my hand! Hold fast
To the trust upon thee cast.
Steady, my wire! Go, say
That death is on the way.
Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
Grand is the power you have.”

Grandeur the soul that can stand
Behind the trembling hand.
Grandeur the woman who dares,
Glory her high name wears.
"This message is my last!"
Shot over the wire, and passed
To the listening ear of the land.
The mountain and the strand
Reverberate the cry,
"Fly for your lives! oh, fly!
I stay at my post and die."

The torrent took her. God knows all.
Fiercely the savage currents fall
To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
The June sky smileth overhead.
God's will we neither read nor guess.
Poorer by one more hero less,
We bow the head and clasp the hand—
"Teach us, although we die, to stand."

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

It was just at the dawn of day, when the first rays of the morning were breaking over Europe, and dispelling the darkness of the Middle Ages. France and England were engaged in a desperate struggle, the one for existence, the other for a throne. The western part of France had espoused the English cause, and the English king had been proclaimed at Paris, at Rouen, and at Bordeaux, while Orleans, the key to the French possessions, was besieged. The supplies were exhausted, the garrison was reduced to a few desperate men, and the women and children had been abandoned to the English. But far away on the border of Germany, in the little village of Domremy, the Nazareth of France, God was raising up a deliverer for Orleans, a savior for the nation.

The out-door life of a peasant girl had given to Joan of Arc a

well developed form, while the beauties of her soul and the spiritual tendencies of her nature must have given to her face that womanly beauty that never fails to win respect and love.* Her standard was a banner of snowy silk; her weapon a sword, that from the day she first drew it from its scabbard until she finally laid it down upon the grave of St. Denis, was never stained with blood; and her inspiration was a self-sacrificing devotion to the will of God, to the rights of France and her king.

It needed no eloquent speech to incite the men of Orleans to deeds of valor and of vengeance. The ruins of their homes choked the streets; the desolated city was one open sepulchre; while the cries of half-starved children and the wails of heart-broken mothers stirred them to such a mad frenzy of enthusiasm, that now, since a leader had come, they would have rushed headlong and thoughtlessly against the English forts as into a trap of death.

The maid of Domremy, waving her sword aloft, and followed by her snowy banner, led her Frenchmen on to slaughter and to victory. Then from the English archers came flight after flight of swift-winged arrows, while the wild catapults threw clouds of death-laden stones crashing among the French. Broadsword and battle-axe clashed on shield and hemlet, while the wild horses, mad with rage and pain, rushed with fierce yells upon the foe; but ever above the din and noise of battle, above death shouts and sabre strokes, though the dust and smoke obscured her banner, ever could be heard the clear, ringing voice of their leader, shouting for victory and for France. An arrow pierced her bosom, but drawing it out with her own hand and throwing it aside, she showed the French her blood-stained corselet, and once more urged them on. As when the archangel Michael, leading the heavenly cohorts, forced the rebellious angels to the very brink of hell, then hurled them over, and so saved the throne of heaven, so did the Maid of Orleans, leading on frenzied Frenchmen, press back the English step by step, till the whole army turned and fled, and Orleans was free, and France was safe.

But she who had raised the siege of Orleans and led the way to Rheims could not escape a jealous fate.

The Duke of Burgundy had laid siege to Compiègne. Joan of Arc went to the rescue, and fell prisoner to the recreant French and was sold to the English.

Her trial came, but her doom was already sealed. The Bishop of Beauvais, with a hundred doctors of theology, were her judges. Without a particle of evidence against her, they convicted her of sorcery and sentenced her to be burned at the stake. A howl of fiendish joy went up from the blood-thirsty court of Paris,—a howl of fiendish joy that made its way to every battle-field where she had fought; it rang against the rescued walls of Orleans, and was echoed to the royal court at Rheims; it reached to the bottomless pit, and made the imps of Satan dance with glee; it echoed through the halls of heaven, and made the angels weep;—but there was no rescuer for the helpless girl. Not a single hand was raised to save the maid of Domremy, the savior of Orleans.

Had she not faithfully done her work? Had she not bled for them? Had she not saved the kingdom? And in all chivalrous France was there not a champion to take up the gauntlet in defence of a helpless girl? When she led their armies, their spears blazed in heaven's sunlight; now they would quench them in her blood. With scarcely time to think of death, she was hurried away to the public square and chained to the stake, and when the fagots were fired, more painful than the circling flames she heard the mocking laugh of the angry crowd. Higher and higher rose the flames, until, pressing the cross to her heart, her unconscious head sank upon her bosom, and her pure spirit went up amid the smoke, and soared away to heaven.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth an' uv silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stovepipe hats were
there,

An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in
prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz,—

“ Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,

An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore a'n't here,

Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind 's to volunteer?”

An' then a red-nosed, dranken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
 Give an interductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle.
 Then through thet holy atmosphere there erep' a sense er sin,
 An' through thet air of sanctity the odor uv old gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge,—
 “This man purfaunes the house er God! W'y this is sacrilege!”
 The tramp did n' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin'
 feet,

An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.
 He then went pawin' through the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
 Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the brain;
 An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an'
 knees,
 He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry;
 It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out into the sky.
 The ol' church shook an' staggered an' seemed to reel an' sway,
 An' the elder shouted “Glory!” an' I yelled out “Hooray!”

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
 Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
 An' we dreamed uv ol'time kitchens 'ith Tabby on the mat,
 Uv home an' luv an' baby-days an' mother an' all that!
 An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
 Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates uv
 heaven;

The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz left alone—
 We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on His throne!
 An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness come again,
 An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
 No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
 An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an' reeled into the night!

But we knew he 'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
 An' it was the saddest story that our ears had ever heard;
 He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry thet day,
 W'en the elder rose an' simply said,—“My brethren, let us pray.”

—S. W. Foss.

GRANT'S STRATEGY.

Who had thought, until Grant said it, that the crisis comes in battle when both armies are nearly exhausted, and that usually the one wins which attacks first? When did he ever fail to attack first? Who had thought, until he suggested it, that the trouble with the Potomac army, the pride of the nation, was, that it had not fought its battles through? Who then living has forgotten the utter downfall of hope, the absolute despair throughout the North, as the moan from the Wilderness came rolling up on the Southern breeze? Is the task hopeless? Is this last mighty effort only more disastrous than that of McClellan, of Pope, of Burnside, of Hooker? No! listen to the assurance. "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Every loyal heart in the land is inspired. That telegram to the president was the death-knell of rebellion.

But the test-hour of Grant had not yet come. Meade was glorious, Sherman magnificent; but Sigel is routed. Butler has not succeeded, Banks utterly failed. Shall Grant unloose his grip? Never! Was it, then, less than the inspiration of genius? Sheridan, take the Sixth Corps, and clean out the valley so a "crow must take his rations when he flies over it." Meade, absorb the army of the James, and never let Lee escape. Sherman, march to the sea as a cyclone of devastation. Thomas, play with Hood until you draw him to destruction. Stoneman, take your bold riders across the mountains, into Virginia and the Carolinas, right across every line of supply to the enemy. Wilson, push your twelve thousand mounted men into the heart of Alabama. Canby, capture Mobile.

Such was the new combination, audacious in strategy beyond precedent; but, if faulty in any respect, military critics have not discovered it. Its perfection, and the result of the execution, stamp it forever with the insignia of genius. Masterly tactics, brilliant manœuvring, bold fighting, though essential to success after the combinations have produced the strategical situation, yet rarely cure material defect in the latter. If cured at all, it is generally by blunders of the enemy. Lee and Johnston, as defensive generals, were not blunderers. I pity the man who, in the face of the record, attacks General Grant as a master of grand strategy. I need not speak of his tactics. I believe mankind are agreed that

the history of war discloses no display of tactical skill and vigor superior to Grant's about Vicksburg, and from the 3d to the 9th of April, 1865, being directed to prevent General Lee's attempted escape from Petersburg and junction with Johnston in North Carolina. The annals of other wars seem tame when read by the side of the story of that week's work. It resulted in the despatch to Secretary Stanton, so simple and modest in language, yet the most momentous of all history: "General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself." The work was done—done precisely as planned, not a vestige of luck in it. Every army was at the precise place designed, with the exact work accomplished that was marked out for it. Method, plan, design exclude the idea of luck.

Let us in humble reverence say, the God of nations blessed General Grant in his awful undertaking.

—*Judge Veasey.*

BRIDGE OF THE TAY.

The night and the storm fell together upon the old town of Dundee,
And, trembling, the mighty Firth river held out its cold hand to
the sea.

'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and cares not to
venture abroad ;

When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays for the mercy
of God.

Look ! the moon has come out, clad in splendor, the turbulent scene
to behold ;

She smiles at the night's devastation, she dresses the storm-king in
gold.

She kindles the air with her cold flame, as if to her hand it were
given

To light the frail earth to its ruin with the tenderest radiance of
heaven.

To the south, like a spider-thread waving, there curves, for a two-
mile away,

This world's latest man-devised wonder,—the far-famous bridge of
the Tay.

It stretches and gleams into distance; it creeps the broad stream
o'er and o'er,

Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the opposite
shore.

But, look! through the mists of the southward there flash to the eye,
clear and plain,

Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights of a swift-
coming train!

* * * ' * * *

'Mid the lights that so gayly are gleaming yon city of Dundee
within,

Is one that is waiting a wanderer who long o'er the ocean has been.
His age-burdened parents are watching, from the window that looks
on the firth,

For the train that will come with their darling, their truest loved
treasure on earth.

"He'll be coming the night," says the father, "for sure the hand-
writin' 's his ain;

The letter says, 'Ha' the lamp lichted, I'll come on the seven
o'clock train.

Ye may sit at the southernmost window, for I will come hame from
that way;

I will fly where I swam when a youngster, across the broad Firth
o' the Tay.'"

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents, with hand
clasped in hand.

And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the storm-shaken
land.

They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the treacherous line;
Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust, its lamp-eyes they glimmer
and shine.

But, look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles the fragile
bridge-wall—

They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a thunder-
bolt fall!

No wonder the mother faints death-like, and clings like a clod to
the floor!

No wonder the man writhes in frenzy, and dashes his way through
the door !

He fights his way out through the tempest ; he is beaten and baffled
and tossed ;

He cries, "The train's gang off the Tay brig ! lend help here to
look for the lost !"

Oh ! little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river that flee ;
The news like the shock of an earthquake has thrilled through the
town of Dundee.

A moment they gaze down in horror ; then creep from the death-
laden tide,

With the news "There's nae help for our loved ones, save God's
mercy for them who have died !"

How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves where our best
hopes have lain !

How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that whiten with
pain !

Oh ! never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in innocent
glee,

And never more sweet did the sunrise shine over the town of
Dundee.

"'Twas sae sad," moaned the crushed, aged mother, each word
dripping o'er with a tear,

"Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he should perish
sae near !

O Robin, my bairn ! ye did wander far from us for mony a day,
And when ye ha' come back sae near us, why could na' ye come a'
the way ?"

"I hae come a' the way," said a strong voice, and a bearded and
sun-beaten face

Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long and filial
embrace ;

"I cam' on last nicht far as Newport, but Maggie, my bride that's
to be,

She ran through the storm to the station to get the first greeting o'
me.

I leaped from the carriage to kiss her ; she held me sae fast and sae
tight,

The train it ran off and did leave me; I could nae get over the
 night.

I tried for to walk the brig over, my head it was a' in a whirl;
 I could na'—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back to my girl!
 I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie; she's promised to soon be my
 wife;

She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it saved me
 my life."

But, tempest, a bright star in heaven, a message of comfort sends
 back,

And draws our dim glances to skyward, away from thy laurels of
 black;

Thank God that His well tempered mercy came down with the
 clouds from above,

And saved one from out the destruction, and him by the angel of
 love.

Will Carleton.

THE IDEAL IN EXPRESSION.

The mind has a creative energy. It reads the visible in the light of the invisible; it discerns the ideal behind the face of the real. We do not want the unreal, but we want the real idealized. You never saw such faces as those of Raphael's Madonnas; you never saw such forms as those which Phidias and Michael Angelo carved into marble; you never saw such groups as those of Correggio and Titian. These are the ideals of beauty and strength, and when art abandons the ideal, it offends and degrades the æsthetic taste.

The charm and the power of literature are in the ideals which it creates, as in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, in Dante's *Inferno*, and in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The true poet is always a philosopher, who makes nature and life radiant with the glow and the glory of an invisible world.

You never heard men speak, you never saw them act, as they do in Shakespeare's dramas. There is real life and movement; but the reality is intensified, because idealized. The figures are only the drapery of the thought; the good is shown at its best, and the bad at its worst.

Love lives in the imagination. We say it is blind because it sees "Helen's beauty on the brow of Egypt." But love sees more than the receding brow: its eyes are on the heart whose radiance floods the dusky face. All this is the work of the imagination, but it is not, therefore, imaginary. The ideal is there, discerned by the mind, and that gives to every physical defect a new and fair perspective. . . . Such being the imperial rank and scope of the imagination, it is entitled to careful cultivation by all who would be masters of the art of expression.

Language is the most subtle and plastic of all instruments. And tone is that indescribable, irresistible quality born of true emotion, and passes like an electric shock from reader to hearer. Speech is one of God's noblest gifts to man, and it should be kept firmly to its divine intention—to make plain and radiant the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. For if we must part with either beauty or truth, we will hold fast to truth even in a beggar's garb. But beauty and truth are twin-born. He who made the world strong, has also made it fair; and we only follow his example when we fit speech to thought, arranging with artistic skill our apples of gold in finely chased baskets of silver.

SENT TO HEAVEN.

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
While she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heavens,
Oh! so far away from here;
I could not speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet,
I longed for an angel to bear it
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it, one summer's evening,
On a cloudlet's fleecy breast,
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,
And watched it soar and soar,
Till its pinions grew weak and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of the rose I told it,
But the perfume rich and rare,
Growing faint on the bright, blue ether,
Was lost on the balmy air.

I placed it upon a censer,
And watched the incense rise,
But the clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing,
"Has earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
So tender, and pure, and clear,
That my very sorrow was silenced,
And my soul stood still to hear.

It rose in harmonious rushings
Of mingled voices and strings,
As I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outstretched wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,
In form more perfect than speech,—
Farther than eye can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.

I know that at last my message
Has passed the golden gate,
For my heart no longer is restless,
And I am content to wait.

THE DESTINY OF THE NATION.

[EXTRACTS—PARKER PILLSBURY ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.]

We were told this afternoon, Mr. President, much of the greatness and grandeur of this old commonwealth of Massachusetts. We were reminded of her achievements in the settlement of New England and of the country, and especially of her sublime position in the Revolutionary period—that dark time that tried men's souls!

But what must be said of Massachusetts to-day? Behold her in the congress of the United States! See how her strong men quail before the haughty slave power; almost like the poor victims of the plantations under the driver's lash. One Massachusetts congressman pledges over his wine the sentiment, "Our Union, however bounded!" and another, "Our Country, *right or wrong!*" And the whole slave power at the South shouted, Amen and Amen!

When the sage of Monticello, beholding the tears of the oppressed, exclaimed, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever!" it was prophecy dictated by inspiration. By a moral evaporation has our guilt been ascending, until the dark cloud hangs suspended in the heavens, all charged with thunder, too soon to hurl the bolts of all nature's righteous indignation down upon us.

Sorry philosopher is he who thinks to stay the desolation. Nature must be false to herself, must repeal her eternal mandates, or the dread prediction shall be fulfilled.

And Massachusetts still boasts herself a sovereign state. Even now her legislature is in session, enacting and revising statutes as if for self-government, when she has given her sanction, heart and hand, to aid in *hunting* the fugitive slave—protecting the vulture as he swoops to his prey.

Massachusetts should set her legislators to more befitting work. She should send them to the base of Bunker Hill monument, with

mattock and spade in hand. Then let them begin and dig a grave that shall reach to Plymouth Rock. And in that grave—dark, deep, dreadful—bury the old and hallowed histories of Pilgrim and Colonial days, with the registries of deeds heroic, and sufferings sublime in intensity, written often in blood and tears of women as well as men, martyrs in the holy cause of civil and religious liberty; there entomb all the ancestral greatness and glory, all the sacred memorials, of the Massachusetts of other, older days.

And let John Quincy Adams, who honors our convention this evening with his presence, and whose recollection reaches back beyond Lexington and Concord, where were fired the Revolutionary shots “heard round the world,”—let him stand chief mourner at the solemn obsequies.

Let Bunker Hill monument and Plymouth Rock be head and foot stones over the grave, and then let the billows of the near Atlantic wail her sad requiem till time shall be no more.

BOBOLINK.

I really think,
 Mr. Bobolink,
 With your rattling, rollicking spink-spank-spink—
 You're the noisest bird of June ;
 If you're bound to sing,
 And your mad notes fling
 All over the fields, with your busy wing,
 Why do n't you learn a tune ?

You had better take,
 Just for music's sake,
 A dozen lessons or so, to make
 Your noise sound like a song ;
 Then, when you try
 To sing and fly,
 Your notes wont kink and twist awry,
 But smoothly run along.

There you go again!
 Like the rush of rain
 In great round drops on the window pane
 In the jolly month of May;
 'T is a funny song,
 But it swings along,
 And swings me, somehow, from care and wrong,
 As light as the summer day.

When I come to think,
 Mr. Bobolink,
 Your rollicking, rattling spink-spink-spink
 Is sweeter than any tune;
 For it bears me back,
 Over life's rough track,
 To my boyhood days when I knew no lack,
 And life was a long, sweet June.

Then sail away
 O'er the fields, to-day,
 With your kinky rhymes, in your sweet old way,
 And fill my heart with spring;
 I'm a boy again,
 And my cares and pain
 Have gone, like the fleeting summer rain,—
 No—you need n't learn to sing!

Mr. Bobolink,
 With your spink-spink-spink—
 When for me is broken the golden link
 That chains my soul below,
 Some day in spring,
 If you'll soar and sing
 O'er the green grave where I'm slumbering,
 I shall laugh in my sleep, I know.

—*Julian S. Cutler.*

AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade, and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic, in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and re-take an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

HELLO.

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hello!"
Say "Hello!" and "How d' you do?"
"How's the world a-using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Waltz right up, and don't go slow,
Grin and shake and say "Hello!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, pshaw!
Walk right up and say "Hello!"
Rags is but a common roll,
Just for wrapping up a soul.
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d' you do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
But walk right up and say "Hello!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away.
Just the same are you and me,
Lonesome ships upon the sea,—
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speaking trumpet blow,
Raise your horn and cry "Hello!"

Say "Hello!" and "How d' you do?"
Other folks are 's good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away,
When you travel in that strange
Country t' other side the range,
Then the folks you've cheered will know
Who you are, and say "Hello!"

THE END OF THE REBELLION.

[ADAPTED FROM MRS. LIVERMORE, BY SARAH NEAL HARRIS.]

As the day drew near when the death blow would be given to the Rebellion, a hushed expectancy settled over the country. The return of peace was longed for with an intensity not to be expressed in words; and the movements of the great armies, as they drew more closely together for a last final grapple, were watched with indescribable eagerness. General Sherman had prepared for his march to the sea. Rome and Atlanta were burned. For twenty-four days Sherman's army disappeared from the North, lost in the very heart of the Rebellion.

The success of this march through the South was not believed in, and, from the middle of November until Sherman was heard of at Savannah, there was great anxiety at the North. Having rested his army and completed his plans, he began his campaign through the Carolinas. His movements now attracted the attention of the whole country. What will this wonderful man do next? was the question in every one's mouth.

He led his army through the heart of the two hostile Carolinas, five hundred miles north to Goldsboro, and on the night of the 16th of February, Charleston, South Carolina, was evacuated, and the Union flag once more floated over Fort Sumter.

The march of events was now very rapid, and on the ninth of April, 1865, General Lee surrendered his sword and the Army of Northern Virginia to the eminent Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States. The rebel army of Johnston, with Sherman in his front and Grant in his rear, must dissolve like the baseless fabric of a vision, or likewise surrender to the victorious armies of the Union.

The great Rebellion had ended. The iron-throated cannons took up the jubilant tidings, and thundered it from a hundred guns. Bonfires blazed it joyfully in all the streets, the huzzas and songs of the people rolled out from the heart of a nation. Flags floated from steeples and house-tops and windows. At every street corner one caught the sound of martial music. Processions were hastily improvised,—the blue-coated soldiers stepping proudly to glorious music, thrilling the air with the triumphant strain "Glory, glory,

Hallelujah!" The great multitude—tens of thousands of men, women, and children—caught up the refrain and joined in the glorious chorus, singing, with heart and soul and might, "Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

The day for which all loyal souls had prayed and waited for four long years had come at last. The nation was delirious with the intoxication of the good news telegraphed from Washington,—
"Lee has surrendered to Grant!"

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG.

Attending services not long ago in an elegant church, where they worship God with taste and in a highly aesthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although not possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was felt, when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field—which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely—began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reënforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that "Solomon was not arrayed," when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sung as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." Then, when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, even in that climate, the choir altogether, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was "that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sung of the lilies, that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? Solomon with an

eye-glass and a moustache, his hair cut Pompadour? No, most decidedly! Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that might not excite our risibilities, or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable, though startling, announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash; and the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth that he would wash; then the deep-chested bass, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, declared that he would wash; next, a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves; after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash.

At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency; so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

THE OLD MAN'S "YESTERDAY."

"Was 't yesterday? Yes, 't was yesterday!

It must have been yesterday morn:—

I stood on the bank of the River Ray,

Where the squadrons of martial corn

Their silken banners had just unfurled

To the breeze, by the singing stream,

When a vision of beauty, all golden-curled,

Grew into my waking dream.

"I know it was yesterday,—for now,

The rustle I seem to hear,

As the tall corn parted right and left,

And a voice rang soft and clear,—

'Wait, Willie, wait! I am almost there!

I said I would grant your wish,—

So I've made a line of my golden hair,

And am coming to help you fish!'

“ Yes! (why do I doubt?) it *was* yesterday—
 For I see the soft tassels there
 Sunning themselves in a worshipful way
 In the light of her yellow hair,
 While her voice rings merrily over the corn,—
 ‘ Oh, Willie, come help me through,
 For I am “ the maiden all forlorn,”
 And my feet are wet with dew.

“ ‘ And you know I’m coming to help you fish—
 But you ’ll think me a silly girl,
 For I have n’t a bit of bait—but wait!
 I ’ll bait with a tiny curl!
 And, Willie, say—do you think they ’ll bite?
 And then, what shall I do?
 Must I pull and pull with all my might?
 But I ’ll wait, and look at you!’

“ Ah, me! ah, me! *was* it yesterday?
 It seems but a day ago!
 Yet three-score years of yesterdays
 Have whitened my head with snow
 Since we sat, in that sweetest of summer-times,—
 I and my beautiful May,—
 Coining our love into wedding chimes
 On the bank of the River Ray.”

—*Edward A. Jenks.*

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning:
 Bent o’er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting:
 “ Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”
 “ ’Tis the ivy, dear grandma, against the glass flapping.”
 “ Eileen, surely I hear somebody sighing.”
 “ ’Tis the sound, grandma dear, of the summer wind dying.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Trills the sweet song the young maiden is singing :

"What's this dull wheel to me?—Robin's not here,—
He whom I love so dear, Robin Adair."

"What's that noise I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"T is the little birds chirping the holly bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of the Coolun?"

There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love :
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing :

"Every lassie has her laddie,—nane, they say, have I,—
Yet a' the lads they smile at me when coming thro' the rye."

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers ;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round ;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings :
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings :
Ere the rut and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

FOURTH OF JULY IN JONESVILLE.

The celebration was held in Josiah's sugar bush, and I meant to be on the ground in good season; for when I have jobs I dread, I am for takin' 'em by the forelock and graplin' with 'em. But as I was bakin' my last plum puddin' and chicken pie, the folks begun to stream by: I had n't no idee there could be so many folks scairt up in Jonesville. I thought to myself, I wonder if they 'd flock out so to a prayer-meetin'. But they kep' a comin', all kinds of folks, in all kinds of vehicles, from a six-horse team down to peaceable lookin' men and wimmen drawin' baby wagons, with two babies in most of 'em.

There was a stagin' built in most the middle of the grove for the leadin' men of Jonesville to set on. As Josiah owned the ground, he was invited to set on the stagin'.

As I glanced up at that man every little while through the day, I thought proudly to myself, There may be nobler lookin' men there, and men that would weigh more by the stilyards, but there ha'n't a whiter shirt bosom there than Josiah Allen's.

About noon Prof. Aspire Todd walked slowly onto the ground, arm in arm with the editor of the *Gimlet*, old Mr. Bobbet follerin' him closely behind. As he walked upon the stagin' behind the editor of the *Gimlet*, the band struck up "Hail to the chief that in triumph advances." As soon as it stopped playing, the editor of the *Gimlet* come forward and said,—

"Fellow-citizens of Jonesville and the adjacent and surroundin' world, I have the honor and privilege of presenting to you the orator of the day, the noble and eloquent Prof. Aspire Todd, Esq."

Prof. Todd came forward and made a low bow.

"Brethren and Sisters of Jonesville," says he, "Friends and Patrons of Liberty: In risin' upon this aeroster, I have signified by that act a desire to address you. I am not here, fellow and sister citizens, to outrage your feelings by triflin' remarks; but I am here, noble brothers and sisters of Jonesville, not in a mephitical manner and I trust not in a mantorial, but to present a few plain truths in a plain manner for your consideration. My friends, we are in one sense but tennefolious blossoms of life; or, if you will pardon the tergiversation, we are all numeratin' tennirosters, hoverin' upon an illination of mythroplasm."

"Jes' so," cried old Bobbet, who was settin' on a bench right under the speaker's stand, with his fat red face shinin' with pride and enthusiasm. "Jes' so! so we be!"

Prof. Todd looked down on him in a troubled kind of a way for a minute, and then went on: "Noble inhabitants of Jonesville, we are actinolic bein's: each of our souls like the acalphia, radiates a circle of pumatic tentacles, showing the divine iridescent essence of which composed are they."

"Jes' so!" shouted old Bobbet louder than before. "Jes' so, so they did; I allus said so."

"And if we are content to moulder out our existence, like fibrous, venticulated polypus, elingin' to the crustaceous courts of eustom if we eling not like soarin' prytnes to the phantoms that lower their sceptrs down through the murky waves of retrogression, endeavoring to lure us upward in the scale of progressive bein'—in what degree do we differ from the acalphia?"

"Jes' so," says old Bobbet, lookin' defiantly round on the audience. "There he's got you: how can they?"

Prof. Todd looked down on Bobbet, put his hand to his brow in a wild kind of way, and then went on.

"Let us, noble brethren in the broad field of humanity. let us rise, let us prove that mind is superior to matter; let us prove ourselves superior to the acalphia——"

"Yes, less," said old Bobbet, "less prove ourselves."

"Let us shame the actinia," said the Professor.

"Yes, jes' so!" shouted old Bobbet, "less shame him!" and in his enthusiasm he got up and hollered again, "Less shame him!" * * *

Prof. Todd continued his piece without any more interruption, till most the last, he wanted the public of Jonesville to "dround black care in the deep waters of oblivion, mind not her mad throes of dissolvin' bein', but let the deep waters cover her black head, and march onward."

Then the old gentleman forgot himself, and sprung up and hollered,—

"Yes! dround the black eat, hold her head under! What if she is mad! do n't mind her screamin'! there will be eats enough left in the world! Do as he tells you to! less dround her!"

Prof. Todd finished in a few words, and set down, lookin' gloomy and morbid.

Lawyer Nugent now got up and said, that whereas the speaking was foreclosed, or in other words finished, he motioned they should adjourn to the dinner-table *sine die*.

The picnic never broke up till most night. I went home a little while before it broke, and if ever there was a beat out creature, I was; I jest dropped my dilapidated form into a rockin' chair, and says I,—

"There need n't be another word said. I will never go to another Fourth as long as my name is Josiah Allen's wife."

"You ha'n't patriotic enough, Samantha," says Josiah, "you do n't love your country."

"What good has it done the nation to have me all tore to pieces?" says I. "Look at my dress! look at my bonnet and cape! Any one ought to be a iron-clad to stand it! Look at my dishes!" says I.

"I guess the old heroes of the Revolution went through more than that," says Josiah.

"Well, I ha'n't a old hero," says I coolly.

"Well, you can honor 'em, can't you?"

"Honor 'em! Josiah Allen, what good has it done to old Mr. LaFayette to have my new earthen pie plates smashed to bits, and a couple of tines broke off of one of my best forks? What good has it done to old Thomas Jefferson to have my lawn dress tore off of me by Betsey Bobbet? What benefit has it been to John Adams, or Isaac Putnam, to have old Peedick step through it? What honor has it been to George Washington to have my straw bonnet flattened down tight to my head? I am sick of this talk about honorin', and liberty, and duty; I am sick of it," says I. You may talk about honorin' the old heroes and goin' through all these performances to please 'em. But if they are in heaven they can get along without hearin' the Jonesville brass band, and if they ha'n't, they are probably where fire-works ha'n't much of a rarity to 'em."

—*Marietta Holley.*

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